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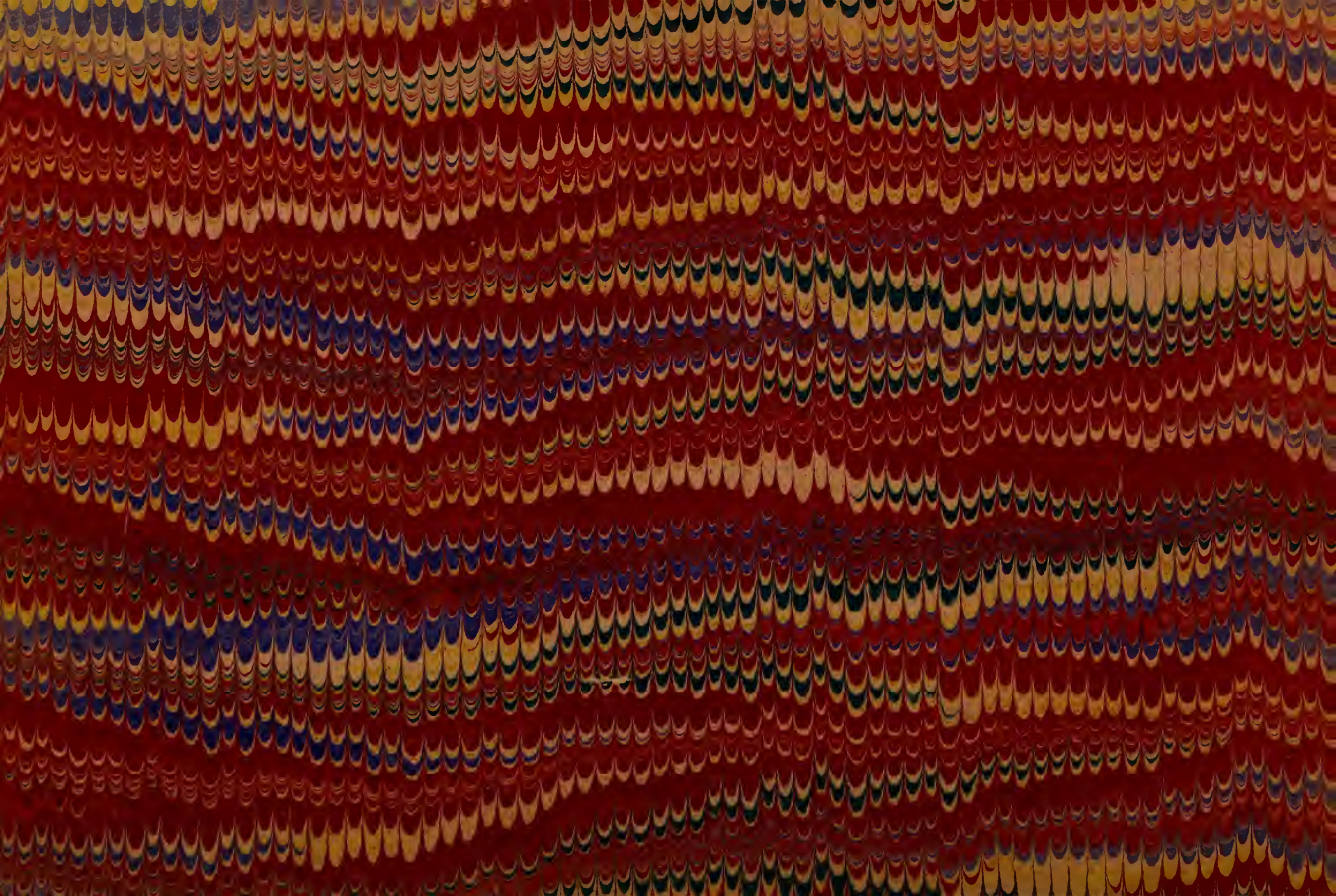

A California Conspiracy

By P. M. SULLIVAN.

A CALIFORNIA CONSPIRACY

WITH

NEW YORK EPISODES

BY

P. M. SULLIVAN

A Book of Facts Not Fiction

P. M. SULLIVAN
AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER
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"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers,
While error, writhing in her chains,
Will die among her worshippers."

INASMUCH as the following pages will involve many of the greatest wealth, political and social standing and show them to be guilty, in a greater or less degree of various crimes and questionable practices, and disclose their true identity, it is deemed to be only fair and proper that the author and victim under such circumstances should be explicitily pointed out to the reader. So we begin by saying; the author and victim is one and the same person, who was born away back in the forties, in a log house, on the pine-clad hills of Pultney, Steuben County, N. Y.

His struggles for an education, if told in detail, would only show a repetition of many similar instances already in public print, so suffice it to say, that up to sixteen years of age he could scarcely read or write and after this time, all of his energies were used in trying to obtain the rudiments, at least, of an English education; and he finally succeeded to such an extent that he became able to teach a country district school, and afterwards was admitted to the bar of the State at Rochester, N. Y. on June 10, 1869.

He had now reached the zenith of his youthful aspirations, and settled down to the practice of his profession at Prattsburgh, N. Y., where he remained contented until frenzied with the gold fever of the Pacific slope, then he went West and in a short time is found delving for gold in the wilds of Idaho Territory,

where he resided for a few years enjoying and suffering the ups and downs necessarily incident to a life in the wild and woolly West. In 1879 he became a resident of Folson, California, where he took up the practice of his profession as his sole business and has ever since labored therein, now residing at the city of North Tonawanda, N. Y.

This village of Folson is situate on the right bank of the American river, twenty miles below Coloma, the place where gold was first discovered in California on February 19, 1848, by J. W. Marshall, whom the State let die in abject poverty. The population of Folson is now about six hundred white people, while in the days of its prosperous mining condition it had 10,000 population. Then, it was prolific for its gold out-put; now, it is prolific for its murder out-put, eleven such cases having occurred there while the victim lived there, being about four years. One of these homocides was that of Mrs. Frank Lamblet, alleged and generally believed to have been murdered by her husband with a razor, he being a barber, though he was acquitted on a trial for the same. At the time that Mr. Lamblet was accused of this crime he had $6,000 cash and ex-Sheriff B. M. Bugby acted as his good man Friday. After he was acquitted, the victim here met him at Sacramento City in a very dilapidated condition and on request bought him something to eat, Mr. Lamblet saying that Bugby and the lawyers had taken all of his money.

Mr. Bugby was a very resourceful man in getting money. He obtained several thousand dollars in insurance money on some barrels destroyed by fire alleged to be filled with wine, while others claimed they were only filled with water; also several more thousand insurance money on a house destroyed by fire. This of course

was after all other business resources had failed him.

He had a rival in this insurance money business, in the person of James S. Meredith, who in his financial experience had profited by a large fire insurance policy. And they two being close friends for years had another equally close friend in the person of Deputy-Sheriff John McComber, all residing at Folson. But what of these ever occurring and ordinary facts? We will tell you. Standing alone and unconnected with anything else they would not be of sufficient importance to write, but when these men are connected with one of the greatest conspiracies both in point of numbers and money, to ruin and murder a single individual, to hide the villainy of a few wealthy people, then these three men are of much importance, and it is well to know something about them. There were quite a number of others residing at this place who took a hand in this general round-up of ruin, such as attorney W. C. Crossette, Constable Amasa Mars, and others whom we expect to weave in the woof of this criminal fabric as the same progresses.

It was now June, 1884, when the victim began to feel the necessity for a larger field for his practice, and after canvassing places and prospects concluded that the city of Woodland, in Yolo County, Cal., afforded the greatest opportunities and most favorable conditions of any place he could find, so he moved over to Woodland about sixty miles from Folson. It is a most beautiful and gorgeous city, situate on the left bank of the Sacramento river, midway between the rock-ribbed Sierras on the east and where the majestic Pacific kisses the golden sands on the west. There about even distance upon an air line between the city of Los Angeles on the south, where the rose blossoms in December

and the towering heights of Mt. Shasta on the north, where the snow never melts,—there stands this city, where in 1886 the largest and vilest conspiracy was formed against a single individual, that ever took place in the United States. There, were hatched and matured the most wicked crimes against the laws of God and man that educated demons and millionaire backers could originate and support.

The streets of this beautiful place were all planned and constructed at right angles, and they are kept in the finest condition, with broad sidewalks of concrete on the main thoroughfares, and trees and shrubbery in the yards, it certainly presents a lively and cheering appearance and imbues the visitor with the most favorable and pleasing impressions. Its court house is built in a nicely laid out plaza, bedecked with many and varied species of trees and floral shrubbery with appropriate walks neatly graveled, all of which make a desirable place for a midnight stroll in summer, and especially so for those whose deeds are the same color as the night. This little city of about four thousand people is the wealthiest place of its size in the United States, it is also the wickedest place; that is, there are not so great a number of wicked people there, but, that the real criminals of the place are so wealthy that the power of one such for evil would equal that of a hundred poor crooks. Their wealth allays suspicion and aids them in various ways to covertly carry out their evil acts. This place contains the elements of the highest and best civilization: banks, churches, colleges, schools, public halls, and theaters, besides several good hotels. It is set in the very heart of the horticultural and agricultural part of Sacramento Valley. Grapes, oranges, and figs

grow in luscious abundance; also, all the cereals are produced there.

At this delectable and God-given spot, the victim first

THE MODERN JEZEBEL.

met the modern Jezebel. She was there in full bloom, living in a suite of rooms at the Craft hotel, and masquerading as a bereft widow, under the name of Mrs.

O'Neil, and if she had been one-half as good as her photograph shows her, this little book would never have been written. Her maiden name was Cordelia A. Gilbert, and her birth-place Kentucky, though her childhood days were spent with her parents on the left bank of the river opposite Sacramento City, California. She and the victim became acquainted in July at this Craft Hotel, and being along toward middle life, the ordinary and usual sentimental simperings incident to coming nuptial occasions were not indulged in, but on the contrary in a short space of time, and in about the way boys trade jack-knives "out of sight and out of seein' ", they pooled their issues and by due form of law under a written contract they became husband and wife, at least the victim supposed himself to be wrapped in such entrancing relations. But not so, for the former Mrs. O'Neil was already somewhere on the domestic carpet, which operated as a kind of a conjugal interrregnum to their legal married relations. Though this fact was not supposed to be ever found out by the victim, and was not known to him for sometime thereafter, until the immoral and criminal ball of her life began to unwind.

Up to this time, the victim had taken some interest in State politics and had been a delegate from Sacramento County to the last three State Conventions, notably the one held at San Jose in 1882 when General George Stoneman was nominated for governor over Senator Clay W. Taylor from Shasta County. At this convention the victim had worked and voted for the Senator's nomination until his defeat on the seventeenth ballot and as a political recompense he, in time, assisted in electing our victim Enrolling Clerk of the Senate in 1884, shortly after that eventful epoch of his life, which

is the initial point around which the almost incredible tale here told revolves.

It is now May, 1885; the Legislature has adjourned, and its Enrolling Clerk returned to the practice of his profession at Woodland; but in the meantime he had learned many little things about his variegated spouse: such as, that her first real escapade was an elopement and marriage when she was fourteen years old, with Bud Davis of Iowa, by whom she had three living girls: Ella, a noted vocalist married to Dr. J. H. Lukens of San Deigo, Cal., Geneva, once divorced and twice married at eighteen; Fannie, twice married and twice divorced at eighteen, her last marriage being to a worthy gentleman, Harry Hoffman, son of Clara Hoffman of Kansas City, Mrs. Hoffman being Secretary of the W. C. T. U., of the United States. We present the photo of Fannie, which shows her to have a pretty and interesting face, the death knell of so many of the land.

The foregoing is a fair sample of the highly perfumed and esthetic knowledge a man usually finds out by catching a dashing young widow on the fly, and of course it is evident, that it has a righteous and direct tendency to still the perturbed waters of his domestic sea.

At this time Geneva and her second husband appear, at Jezebel's domestic Waterloo, and remain long enough to get a chance to steal forty or fifty dollars and then skip to El Paso, Texas, from whose bourne the second husband never returned; and just after this little episode of Geneva and pal, Fannie bobs into appearance from Kansas City, Kansas, where she had recently been divorced from her first husband, Bert Porter; and, like Geneva, remained long enough to duplicate her acts, and then returned to Kansas City and soon married Harry Hoffman.

In less than a year she again appeared as the divorced wife of Mr. Harry Hoffman, A. R. French, President of the Board of Trade there, being one of her

DOUBLE-DIVORCED FANNIE.

lovers. The battle-ground of Jezebel's Waterloo was now getting quite hot, and the doubly divorced Fan not finding the atmosphere congenial to her aching heart

and injured honor soon sought the realms of a more sympathetic climate with her sister Geneva at El Paso, from whence she never returned to Woodland.

Within the time above mentioned in November, 1885, Jezebel's mother came to live with her, and from the day of her arrival until the day of her departure, July 3, 1886, her eyes and those of the victim never came into square, open contact with each other, the evasions being caused by her; and this was noticed on the first night of her arrival. At that time it was attributed to the fact of their being strangers and perhaps natural timidity, but how far these reasons failed! much more serious and grave reasons being the cause.

The fact of her being particeps crimines to a horrible crime against human life and her consciousness and fear of detection were the true causes, as we will find later on. She was nearly sixty-eight years of age. Her features were sharp and angular, her eyes dark and deep-set, hid away under a heavy set of eye-brows; with a piercing shrill voice, having a kind of carnivorous tone to it. She was only to be favored through fear.

The house was very quickly and adroitly organized into a quasi bedlam. The foaming seas of discontent and disruption were soon set in motion by her master hand. Soon the billows began to break over the martial ship and it was about to go down forever. The storm demon was raging and nothing could stay her davastating designs. And, as if it were to be so, Geneva appears on the scene to help the inevitable disruption along.

She had come from El Paso, Texas, where she abandoned her second husband. In a few days she succeeded in borrowing some money on the old man's account, and as soon as this was found out by the victim's being dunned for the money, she skipped the town

between the setting and the rising of the sun, but before she departed this characteristic trio of females held a secret council and adopted a plan of action which they thought would best accomplish their evil determinations. "But the best laid plans of mice and men, they often gang aglee", which the unfolding of the facts here will show was only too true for their good, in their case.

Jezebel's elopement marriage was celebrated at this city of Woodland, and it is quite a co incidence that several years after, her tragical marriage should occur at the same place. We will now leave this place and go with her to the place of her first habitation with Mr. Davis, which was on a fruit ranch ten miles below Sacramento City on the river. There they lived until their children were born, he being very well-to-do with about twenty thousand dollars' worth of property. After a time he became jealous of her, neglected his business, was more or less dissipated, and in a very short time lost all his property, when they went to live with her father and mother on the Salt Spring ranch at New York ravine above Folson on the Sacramento river. This was a mining section and a great many deep shafts had been sunk by persons in quest of gold. There the feud was kept up between the whole of them until one day about ten o'clock Mr. Davis and a man named Hiram Gilbert went out in the mountains hunting, and Jezebel says, that in about two hours afterwards, Hiram returned and said that Davis had gone over the mountains to Wyoming Territory, and that was the last she ever saw or heard of him. Of course, it is a very natural and reasonable story, that a man should go out hunting and continue going from California to Wyoming and leave his young and unprotected children

behind in the manner and under the circumstances so far seen. The picture of this man Hiram is presented as a matter of evidence from which the reader may draw the inference that the bones of Bud Davis lie decaying in one of the many deep shafts above stated.

HIRAM GILBERT.

Jane N. and Jezebel were always very charry about discussing the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Mr. Davis, and once the writer started to ask his spouse how it was that a man should go out hunting and walk

away fifteen hundred miles leaving children and all behind without saying a word about his going. At this the old lady immediately jumped out of composure into hysterics and ordered Cordelia Ann not to say one word about Davis, now, or ever in her life. That closed the scene and talk and they forever after refused to answer anything about the man gone to Wyoming, but really in the mining shaft. Though much had been said in private to the victim by the spouse before this time on this subject, so that a man would have to be dead in a shaft himself not to know that poor Davis was murdered because he had no more money, and so was rather a hindrance than a help.

Since the passing of the tragical days of this story, the writer has no hesitancy in saying that from the facts in his possession, some important ones being from a conversation he accidently heard between these women, that Bud Davis was murdered by Hiram Gilbert at the instance of Jezebel and her mother as here so briefly pointed out.

We now return to Woodland where the air is rife with society gossip about Senator Joe Harlan's daughter Vic. and her genial escort for the past ten years, Everett L. Craft. The beauty, money, and accomplishments of Miss Harlan made her a very interesting subject, and the generally conceded belle of the burgh, while Mr. Craft was equally if not better thought of by all who knew him. He was held in the greatest esteem by his young associates, who were numbered by the thousands throughout the State. So it was no wonder that anything seriously concerning this couple and brought before the people of so small a place would work them up to the highest tension. A Mr. Sill of the place had just inherited a few thousand dollars from his deceased

father and Miss Harlan was about to forsake her old lover from childhood and become a bride of the man of money.

Mr. Craft, having squandered almost all of his ten years' earnings for the comfort and entertainment of Miss Harlan, was now of course very angry, and after her marriage made some foolish and derogatory remarks about her, and whether true or false, excusable or justifiable, an opinion thereof is not here expressed. There was now blood upon the moon and razors in the air, and Senator Harlan was in frequent consultation with his attorneys, Ball & Craige, over the Bank of Woodland adjoining the living flat of the victim. Family honor had been wounded, and a lover's heart strings torn asunder. The revenge of the pistol's pop was momentarily expected, for it was well understood that the sacrifice of human blood was the only atonement that could be made.

And true to this general expectation, on a beautiful Sunday afternoon, February 7, 1886, Senator Joe Harlan, a reputed multimillionaire, after taking his family to divine worship at the Disciple church, accompanied by his brother-in-law, went into the Brynes hotel, where young E. L. Craft was sitting on the bootblack stand having his shoes polished, and as soon as the Senator espied his victim, and without any warning he commenced shooting, and Craft jumped from the stand and ran, and as he ran he fired his pistol. The Senator kept on shooting and Craft fell mortally wounded. The Senator ran up to him, stooped and placed his revolver nearer the head of his victim and fired another fatal shot, and then retreated with his brother-in-law, both unharmed. The victim was at the postoffice and heard the shots, five in number, and

presently the Senator emerged from the front door of the hotel, pistol in hand, and with a great crowd went to the sheriff's office and surrendered. The writer went home and on his way stopped at the law office of Ball & Craige and informed them of the shooting and killing.

This was done because at that time the lawyers and the victim were supposed to be the best of friends and he wanted to give them a chance to protect their client.

He then went on home and there related to his spouse and her mother all he had just seen and heard about the killing and concluded by saying, that it was too bad these young folks should cause the old ones so much trouble, that in his judgement it would have been much better for Mr. Harlan to have expended a few hundred dollars in sending the young man out of the State for a while and until his disappointment had been assuaged, than to have shot him for an alleged slander, that it would been time enough for killing after all reasonable and peaceable means had been exhausted. These remarks were subsequently repeated in substance in the hearing of Mrs. George Bently, a friend of John D. Stephens, president of the Bank of Woodland, and of which Ball & Craige were attorneys, Miss Nora Cameron, Mr. Ball's niece, and his daughter Katie; and these young women, about four months after this killing, came to the victim's house and again and persistently engaged him in conversation about Victoria Harlan, her marriage, &c. And further on, it will be seen that these innocent words, with others, were by false and secret affidavits made by these persons named and others, tortured into an expression of slander against Miss Harlan; and her father believing such slander to have been uttered, as set out in such affidavits, thereupon advanced $10,000 to have the victim assassinated

by hired murderers, the amount being stated by some of the assassins long after their failure to kill the victim.

It is now a beauitful day near the first of April, 1886. All nature is alive, dressed in its most inviting garb. The green carpet of earth has been spread complete, the buds are out and the roses are in bloom, with the many spring birds carolling in the bushes and trees. It is a most auspicious afternoon for a family matinee, which is opened up by Jane N. ringing up the curtain about the many virtues of her grandchildren. To this, the victim demurred; whereupon Jezebel feigned an hysterical fit, and Jane N. declared her daughter had been murdered. The victim acted the remainder of his part by suggesting that she had better be taken to New York ravine and buried in the shaft where Hiram had buried Davis. This remark sealed the doom of the victim; his life was plotted against from that time on.

Immediately after this entertainment, it was noticed that they commenced reading and taking unnatural interest in the case of Dr. Bowers of San Francisco, then on trial for poisoning his wife, besides they were seen having frequent interviews with Dr. Strong, Lawyer Ball's bosom friend, who had often said he would take the chances and do anything Mr. Ball wanted him to do.

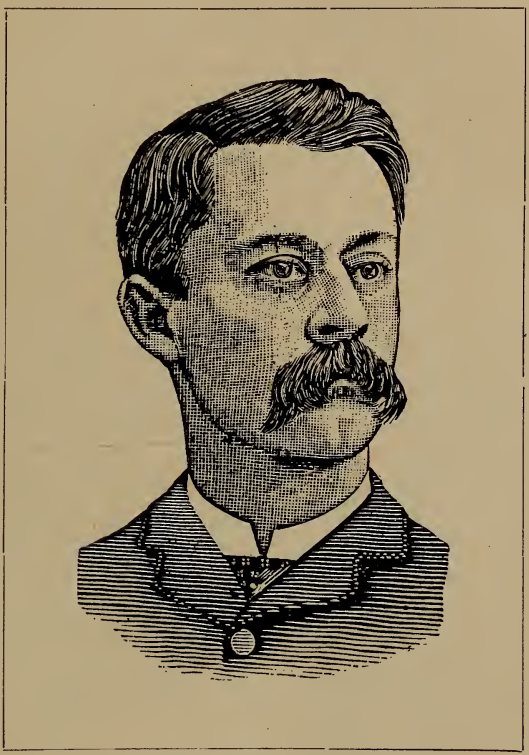
Another fact was, that up to this time Jezebel had always presided over the tea and coffee at the table; now, without reason or necessity, Jane N. attended to such duty and she would invariably peer into the cups before pouring. Yet the victim could not believe that they would be foolish and dastardly enough to slow poison him, though he often thought of the same, and especially for about the last month before Jane N. left the house; for he was losing flesh very fast and ran

down from one hundred seventy-five pounds to one hundred forty-two, and little fine black spots broke out over his body. He became irritable, restless, and nervous, all of which, according to medical science, were indicative of slow poison; with the further prominent fact that quite soon after Jane N. left he commenced to recuperate. But what capped the climax of his suspicions was the fact of his detecting Jezebel in an attempt to poison him with prussic acid, the facts of which will be detailed in their order.

Of course, Senator Harlan was arrested and had to stand trial for this murder, though he had nothing to fear from the final result, except the expenditure of considerable money. He was admitted to bail in the sum of $40,000, which was immediately furnished by eight men each qualifying in the sum of $40,000, making a bond of $320,000 given as a kind of bluff, for buncome, thus showing he had moneyed friends,— while his poor, dead victim was principally represented by his poor old, but honored parents, who mourned the untimely and unjustifiable death of their only help and son.

Charles H. Garoutte was the Superior Judge of Yolo County at this time and the presiding judge at such trial. He had recently been elected by the money and influence of most of the conspirators in this plot, though he was ostensibly opposed to them in politics; but of course you know that wealthy men do not care what an officer's politics are, they want men they can control, and such a one they had in the person of this judge, which will be fully shown before we close. Judge Garoutte was subsequently elevated to the Court of last resort in the State and now holds such position, and you will observe that this statement is not made so

much for showing the dishonor of Judge Garoutte as to let the fact be generally known the kind of material the wealthy make their judges out of, that the poor may govern themselves accordingly.



JUDGE CHAS. H. GAROUTTE.

The first grand-stand play of Judge Garoutte was to refuse Harlan bail, thus trying to make it appear that so far as the discretion of his Court was concerned it was against Harlan, knowing full well he would get

bail at Sacramento, thus paving the way to do Harlan certain and material good, in his rulings on the admission of evidence. To illustrate, on some material questions of evidence, he ruled openly and wrongfully against Mr. Harlan so that in case the jury convicted him, the verdict would be set aside and a new trial ordered upon the ground of error on the part of the trial court. Do you see how fine it is played in California? Do not think they are fools there, if they are generally corrupt?

This case was on trial on May 18th following the homocide. It was one of the most remarkable murder trials that ever took place in the State, made so on account of the wealth of the defendant, his high social standing, the official positions he had held, and the general high estimate in which he was held, not alone in Yolo County but throughout the State; and the young deceased Craft was not a whit behind his slayer in being highly regarded and esteemed by friends all over California.

Ball & Craige were two of the defendant's attorneys. Craige was the son-in-law of John D. Stephens, the millionaire bank president. He, having a few years before eloped with the millionaire's daughter, had now returned with her and their children to be fed with the bounteous crumbs that might fall from the millionaire's table. To sum him up in the fewest words possible, he was the worst and most detestable nondescript in that part of the mundane sphere.

On the last date mentioned, the victim was coming from the Court House where he had been listening to the trial, and on passing the grocery store of Mr. Burleson, on the corner of First and Main streets, this same Joe Craige called to him and came out on the sidewalk where he was and requested the victim to go to his law

office. He noticed something guilty and sheepish looking more than usual about the nondescript, and while sitting and talking in his law office the victim noticed a woman's hair on his right leg below the knee, and unnoticed by Craige he picked it off and presently went home, where he obtained a hair from his spouse's head and then returned to his law office, after first having obtained a magnifying glass from a jeweler by the name of Geogelee across the street. There under the glass he compared the two hairs and found them to be identical; that fact being easily established because her hair had been blonded and was now grown about half way out, which of course made the hairs half natural and half blonded.

This of course was fine evidence but it was as certain as it was fine, and led to the discovery of Jezebel's infidelity not alone with this cur but with nearly all the rich and powerful men who were conspirators in this plot. The writer had never read nor heard of another clue of this kind being the means of tracing out crime until on March 12, 1898, when a dead child was found on the ice at Erie near Buffalo, N. Y. The Buffalo papers reported the circumstance also that in the bundle in which the child was wrapped a solitary red hair was found, which led to the discovery of the mother who confessed the whole matter. So now the victim's case of detective work does not stand without a parallel.

No pen nor words can describe the emotions and feelings of a man under such circumstances and no money could induce our victim to undergo such torture as herein portrayed, not knowing what the final result would be. But be that as it may he had been a Mason for a number of years and was foolish enough to think the

mere fact of a man's being the Master of a lodge would surely help a brother in distress. So he sought W. H. Baker's law office, one of Mr. Harlan's attorneys, and there in a measure detailed his woe and solicited his advice and help which was very profusely promised, but only to be taken advantage of the same as the nondescript. This cooked the goose of the victim's confidence in Masons, simply because they were Masons; they have to be men first, then they may be Masons.

Trouble of the kind now under immediate discussion is the most rending and desperate a decent man ever had, and for the purpose of obtaining comfort and relief he will resort to any kind of effort or experiment, and so our victim having a lawyer friend, namely, Add. C. Hinkson at Sacramento City, who was also a friend of the whole conspiracy, and believing therefore that something might be done, went to see Mr. Hinkson who agreed to come over to Woodland in a few days, and was certain that he could calm the troubled sea. When he came, he went direct to the conspirators and by the time he got around to the victim his whole demeanor was changed from what it was at Sacramento. There he was disposed to talk and devise plans for the best; now, he had nothing to say, but tried to leave the impression that he was the victim's friend, who then well knew that he was a gangerous traitor and was trying to sycophant the favor of the all around criminal gang, simply because they were wealthy and powerful and might bring him in a crumb sometime. The victim ever afterward played Hinkson's own game of duplicity against him and in that way made valuable use of him as these pages will yet show.

Singular coincidences were, that as soon as the victim had discovered Jezebel's infidelity, she and Jane N. dis-

covered that he was crazy, and by all the arts, wiles, and skill of generally bad women they contrived to circulate their wonderful discovery, being ably assisted by her paramours and the whole conspiracy which had now grown to quite a large number, thirty or more. With a little working capital of about six hundred dollars, they were enabled to make quite an impression among the people, who now began to look and stare as if to say, "Why, this is strange, they say he is off, but I do not see anything to show it." They were quite skillful in making this play, for while they were secretly doleing out the alleged fact of the victim's insanity calamity, they pretended to be his very best friends, which, of course, enabled them to make some headway; for, if a man's friends were all claiming he was crazy it might be true.

Now, Allen T. Bird, an all around crook and editor of the "Yolo Mail" was one of these conspirators, and to fittingly help these insanity mongers along, printed the following libel in his paper:

"A PROMISED WOODLAND SENSATION."

"It was common talk on the streets of Woodland last evening that another sensation was likely to occur, and there was a general air of expectancy and belief that the petulent pop of the pistol might at any moment be heard. These rumors are said to have been caused by the fact that a certain lawyer has been making threats against another limb of the law, who, he asserts, has been intimate with his wife. Friends of the accused man say that the accuser is on the verge of insanity from drink, and that his alleged wrongs are imaginary. The warrior who is on the war path is likely to be examined by the commissioners of lunacy unless he soon subsides, and it is known that preliminary steps have been taken to such action."

Remember this was about the first of June, 1886, when the victim was so very crazy; also that Frank

DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPRAGUE.

Sprague, whose photo we present as point of study and evidence and who had, the same as Judge Garoutte,

been recently elected for carrying out the foul schemes of this gang, now came forward and made affidavit for a warrant of arrest for the victim because he was so very dangerously crazy. We also present this affidavit:

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, } ss.
COUNTY OF YOLO. }

"Frank Sprague being duly sworn on oath says, that he is informed and believes that there is now in said County an insane person whose name is P. M. Sullivan, who is so far disordered in mind as to endanger health, person or property, and affiant therefore asks that said person be arrested and taken before a judge of a Court of Record within said County for examination.

FRANK SPRAGUE.

Subscribed and sworn to before me
this 6th day of July, A. D., 1886.

FRED SCHLEMAN, Clerk."

This affidavit was adroitly brought to the ears of the victim as a kind of scare and bluff into silence. Because these libertines knew their reputation in this regard was so unsavory before the people, that, as soon as it was touched with an accusation of truth, it would fall to pieces, so they had to do something to break the victim down. He understood this situation just as well as they did, and governed himself accordingly. He was further satisfied that they dared not stop the murder trial of Harlan now in progress, which lasted about seventy-five days, to try to send him to an asylum, Judge Garoutte being the only person who had legal power to make such a committment, for the moment the trial was stopped for such a purpose the people would be aroused and see through the whole farce, and the result would be more disastrous to them than to the victim. So if done, it must be in some way, done in

secret, and their plan in this regard will soon develop.

J. C. Bull, originally from Ohio, was the generalissimo of this conspiracy, which, under his grand management, had now grown to be large and formidable.

Henry E. Heighton, chief counsel of Harlan, ex-Attorney-General A. L. Hart, the District Attorney's assistant in this case, Sheriff Beamer, and a host of others were members in high and lacivious standing, and of course mutual protection was the Shibboleth among them; and the Sheriff and District Attorney for the purpose of winning new laurels and proving themselves entitled to full recognition and confidence, as well as future political preferment, now called at the victim's home, and for the first and last time, and after chatting for a while in a general way arose, and as the Sheriff was about to retire said: "Well I guess I won't arrest you this evening, you appear to be sane enough." The victim understood this was a play at intimidation to silence, and was so thoroughly disgusted with their weak and criminal bluff, made them no reply and they hustled out.

Generalissimo was now in great glee, reveling among the realms of self-adulation. He was next to the chief counsel in the defense of a great murder trial, which many of the people said he brought about by aggravating advice in order that he might get a whack at the fat pocketbook of the accused. He was the acknowledged chief organizer of a large conspiracy to ruin a man to hide his own infamy. His self-written greatness was circulating through the newspapers and his photographed physique was spread and given both right and left. We present one of his photos here.

We warn you to be careful and not take him for Brigham Young. From his own lecherous standpoint

he had great cause for rejoicing; for he was now sure of his reckoning and had a large fawning army to back him. He and the Bank of Woodland were the pivot around which an admiring multitude were circulating. They

GENERALISSIMO.

were the dispensary at which a priest, preachers, teachers, doctors, lawyers, editors, merchants, ladies of ease, pimps and politicians received the reward for their subservient and debauched infamy. Having repeatedly

been in this kind of business for the greater part of his natural life, Generalissimo was assuredly the right kind of man for the place he now occupied. He was afflicted in about the same way as the horse which ate the Po Po Compound, instead of being one horse, he was now two, or more.

This lacivious combine was now a government within itself, and so must have its secret service system, its mail system, and so on down the line. They had several secret letter stations where Jezebel could safely deposit and surely receive communications for and from the combine whenever the same might be necessary for advisement on any new departure, or emergency case that might arise. Ley's photograph gallery was the principal one of these offices. The secret service department was presided over by Pimp Provost, assisted by a Mr. Houston, the assessor, as his chief deputy. By this department the victim's whereabouts were known both night and day, and his actions and words were closely noted, so that if perchance he made the least threat against the lives of any of this array, he might be arrested and required to give bonds to keep the peace, which would have been placed so high that he could not reach them, and then he could be placed in jail, and matters would then have been just lovely for the combine.

But he gave them no chance for such arrest, knowing its sure results then, the same as here pointed out. And in trying to work this kind of play, they sent all classes, kinds, ages, and sexes to him to draw him out into making some remark that could be tortured into a threat against life. Long before this time, he understood their plan of ruin, and he was fighting them as they were him, in secret, pretending friendship, and

carefully noting in writing, acts and facts of any particular moment, which, the reader will observe, are now being put to good and wholesome use. Just to illustrate the ways of the secret clan, which, it is safe to calculate would be duplicated under like circumstances, this Mr. Houston as a reward was selected assessor and Provost was made his deputy. Ex-Sheriff Rahaum and ex-County-Treasurer Kane with many others too numerous to mention were in this secret service department. It was a very large, rich pie and of course all wanted a piece and those that did not get any then will be given none now.

The slow poison which the victim had been unconsciously getting now for nearly three months was beginning to leave its effects, which, together with the work and worry incident to a campaign of this kind was plainly visible in his appearance. So the great Generalissimo and Jezebel, being so very solicitous of his welfare, concocted the plan of having Dr. Strong prescribe for him, and in this plot she worked very hard for some time, but all to no avail, for he knew this doctor and the general were pals, and had been bosom friends for years, and he was through with trusting any of this combine: Besides, he had heard the doctor say, he would go any length for Ball, also that he would kill a man for twenty-five dollars, this last assertion growing out of a discussion about the doctor's having the best of the attorneys, wherein they could bury their clients.

So this plan of destruction failed, and another was devised by the officers of the combine, to have Jezebel induce the victim to take a trip to the mountains under the pretense that a change of climate would do him good. Upon this scheme she worked very skillfully and hard for some days, but failed to induce him to

believe that such a course was advisable. He had seen too much of mountain life already. He had known of men going to the mountains with their assumed best friends, and be taken by them for a deer or grizzly bear and shot. He also knew of the fatal hunting trip of poor murdered Davis with Hiram at Salt Spring ranch.

The breath that it had taken to propose this last murder plot had scarcely been wasted, until Generalissimo being chagrined under defeat and panting with rage to murder a poor, obscure citizen in secret, conceived another plot in which he was the person to do the job and thereby have no more failures. This next extermination scheme was a deer hunt which the valiant general proposed to the victim. The place to hunt was Casche Creek near Woodland, where there had not been a deer for years, though the victim was not presumed to know this fact, he having been a resident there for so short a time. The victim was known to be a good shot and fond of such sport, but somehow he did not seem to fall into the trap, and the whole killing scheme of both deer and victim failed, which left Generalissimo with his army of sirens and libertines stranded on the shores of Scheming Defeat.

The insanity fagots which had been lighted to burn up the victim were now flickering very low, and the injury done was more to the combine than to him, and they not being able to use their Judge at this time for such incarceration purpose, hence their resort to the secret murder plots; and it is perfectly plain that if the victim had gone to the mountains or hunting deer it would have been a dear hunt for him. He would have been shot, and the professed but false friendships by this combine for him, together with their wealth and their control of the press and officials, would have pre-

vented discovery and forever silenced all inquiry about his untimely demise. You see the trouble with them, as in most all cases, they were overrating themselves and underrating the object of their hate.

The spouse now undertook to simulate a very lively interest in the social and beneficial welfare of the victim; she thought it would be real nice for him to join a social and beneficial order with an insurance policy of $3,000 attached. It would make a place for him to spend a visiting evening, besides in case of death this money would come in very handy. She suggested a flourishing order called the Chosen Friends, but he had chosen all the friends he wanted just then, besides his fear of dying was not equal to their desire to have him die, and suffice it to say, he did not join nor insure, and so it was another little plot fizzled.

The officers of the combine were now in desperate straits. The victim was going about his business in his usual manner, and the insanity seed was not producing according to calculation, but was rather like an old pair of pants, fraying out at the bottom. The outsiders to this scandal were beginning to see this insanity discovery was no discovery at all further than to show the parties who started the same must have been egregiously wrong, or else had some deep and mysterious reason for so doing. These outsiders could not reconcile the asserted friendship of these people for the victim, and at the same time their assertion that he was crazy, when they knew this insanity charge was false. They knew there must be some ulterior reason for this conflicting attitude, so it must be that some of these parties were breaking up the victim's home and their unsavory reputation in this respect was about all the decent people wanted to know on this insanity charge.

These destroyers were in some sense not fools and understood the whole condition of affairs and the sentiment of the people, and hence that their secret murder plot must be re-organized on a large and more certain scale, or they would all be found out and exposed, and they themselves would be ruined instead of the victim. What a catastrophe for such a wealthy lot of lords!

To work out this contemplated end, especially of secrecy, Generalissimo sent his son Joe, a law student in his office, away to his ranch in Colusa County; also W. T. Hunt who had sleeping apartments on the opposite side of the hall to Jezebel's flat and Ball & Craige's law office, went away at the same time, and instead of giving up the keys to the landlord, secretly gave them to Jezebel. This was on June 30, 1886, and Mr. Hunt and little Joe did not return until the battle was about over on September 27, 1886, the day Jezebel evacuated her flat and moved to a convenient place for her business.

We must give the devil his due and say, it was eminently good criminal judgment to send the young man and old man away from the immediate scene of an intended murder, for if ever called upon to give evidence, they might fall down in their testimony; therefore, it would be safest to lodge this crime only in the breasts of well-experienced and desperate criminals, who each had a mutual interest in its secrecy.

We think it was the last day mentioned this great murder trial was proceeding in the Opera House in front of the stage. There was a small door cut in front of the stage for the accommodation of the orchestra, who would open this door and emerge or retire, as the case might require, there being four or five steps of stairs to go up or down. Some of the decent people of Woodland

raised a pool, and through misplaced confidence, retained ex-Attorney-General Hart to assist the District Attorney in the prosecution of the case. Hart had clandestinely become acquainted with Jezebel during this trial and was now her special friend. He and Craige were whispering together at the trial when all at once one of the secret spies, who had been stationed at the entrance to give the alarm in case of the danger from the victim, signalled an alarm of danger, and pell-mell the cur jumped over Hart, grabbed the orchastra door and jerked it open and tumbled down the little stairs under the stage.

Court was interrupted and all suspended for a moment or two, and the danger alarm being found to be false, and the Court, officers and lawyers all being fully advised as to the situation from previous guilty knowledge, resumed the trial without a word being said; but of course they afterwards had a good one on the cowardly cur, who was there surrounded by the power and protection of millions of dollars, and a secret body guard to protect him from a one lone individual, and then jumping through himself on the approach of a shadow.

Another little episode occurred on the evening of this day in which the combine's Jezebel circumstantially proved her and their guilt. It was this way: The victim was on the street and some boys fired off some bombs, which sounded like pistol shots. She heard the noise and ran to the head of the stairs and called to Philip Dapanger, who was at the bottom of the stairs, to come there quick, somebody had been shot. Mr. Dapanger went up the stairs, and then she first tried the office door of Ball & Craige, but finding it locked, she tried the door of Mr. Hunt's room to which she

had the keys in her pocket, but did not attempt to unlock it. Then she said, "Phil, you know Sullivan is not in his right mind and I am afraid he will kill somebody." A guilty conscience needs no accuser, and when she heard the fireworks she thought it was the expected death of the victim. and she wanted Dapanger there to clear her skirts; then when no one was found dead, the silly excuse to cover her scare, that the victim was crazy, a matter they could not prove, nor will this book prove, but quite the contrary.

These secret failures of the conspiracy, and the sentiments of the people now plainly turning against it, were goading it on to desperation; they must do something with the victim soon and effectual, or their exposure would surely follow, and that would be equivalent to the ruin of all of them. So at last a new plot was evolved, and John W. Goin, another of Harlan's attorneys, was brought into use. If any man could have any influence with the victim it was known this attorney could, because of the fact of Mr. Goin's being a man and a Mason and so considered by the victim as well as by all others, was also well known. Now, Mr. Goin was specifically informed of what was desired of him though he was by no means let into the inner circle of the secrets of the combine. He was to go to the victim and inform him that unless he would go to San Francisco and remain for a while he would certainly be murdered in his own house at night, but that if he would consent to go, money would be furnished him for his necessary expenses, and as an earnest, Mr. Goin then offered the preliminary sum of $20 in gold to start the trip.

So inasmuch as he had some business at San Francisco, and as he would avoid the persecutions of

the conspiracy at its expense, he consented to go as soon as he could arrange some matters. But little did he think of the real designs of this conspiracy at that time, neither did Mr. Goin know of their real motives in getting the victim to San Francisco.

As soon as the conspiracy obtained information that the victim had agreed with Mr. Goin to go to San Francisco, Attorney Craige hurriedly left the defense of his murderer and went to San Francisco, that being his old stamping ground, and the place where he planned the elopement escapade with the bank president's daughter. He was one of the boys from this city and knew its gutters and byways, its thugs, crooks, and crooked officials in general. He returned and then this Attorney Baker likewise left the defense of Harlan and went to San Francisco and remained away for a few days. Our victim noted these facts and began to meditate on their meaning. After reasoning on the situation he was able to see what a perfect defense it would be for this conspiracy to be able, in truth, to say the victim was all wrong and in proof of the same, he had been sent to an asylum, even if only for a day, from San Francisco.

And he began to see how easy it would be for these two attorneys to have fixed the witnesses, commissioners and Judge while they were at San Francisco, and how reasonable it was that they left the defense of the murder trial and went there for that same purpose, and how easily this could be done with only a few dollars in a case such as his. All of these facts and many more of a similar and convincing character were actually operating upon his mind for a few days before he went, and he was fearful of this going to the Bay, but it was the best he could do under the circumstances, besides he had promised Mr. Goin that he would go down and

so he must and did go. It was early in the morning of July 13th, 1886, when the victim and Jezebel, who could not be stopped from taking this trip, stepped across the street to the Capital Hotel to take the buss to the depot, on their way to San Francisco. Mr. Torrence, the proprietor of the hotel was there with a wild enquiring look upon his countenance, and at the same time, wearing such a sickly cunning look as always distinguishes a cowardly knave, who is conscious of some undeserved harm about to befall a fellow being. He is introduced here only as a kind of prelude to his infamy in trying to fawn favor by swearing false against the liberty of the victim further on in the campaign. A Mrs. Dyer was there at the hotel entrance with Mr. Torrence, with the look of some great secret in her eye, which could easily be interpreted to state the fact and say: "Sullivan, poor man, I know you are betrayed by all your hard earned friends. I know they have conspired for your liberty and death. I know you saved my husband from State's Prison, but I have left him now. Those men are rich, they are wealthy. I must cast my lot with them. I must not warn you of your danger or perhaps they will likewise ruin me." Now, this Mrs. Dyer is given as a fair sample of the kind and character these conspirators had under control and the power they had over them.

On the train at Woodland bound for San Francisco about ninety miles distant by rail, the first one seen that was known to the victim was this same mellifluous Bird of the Woodland Mail, who was observed the previous evening in close and serious conversation with Attorney Craige, and though being well acquainted with Mr. Bird, and having sat in the same Masonic lodge with him, and never having had any trouble with him,

it was strange he should refuse to speak with the victim and should intentionally keep away from him. These uncalled for and unnatural actions on the part of the Bird were at once detected and had great weight in the victim's mind; in fact he thought then, as the fact proved to be, that Bird was along as a kind of bunco steerer for the millionaires in running the victim into the meshes of ruin.

On the way down to the Bay at Vallijo Junction, a married woman, who a few years before had resided at Folson, boarded the train and she and this Bird seemed to recognize each other by having some business together, though the victim was certain they had never met before. The victim now summed up the situation substantially as follows: When he knew this woman at Folson he had money. She knew it and laid pipes to get it by offering to leave her husband and go with him, which offer was refused, and she was now seeking to revenge herself by going to San Francisco to help swear him into an asylum. She was greatly chagrined and angered at the refusal of her offer, and protested her fine form, good looks, and education. Now, Jezebel had adroitly at the beginning of her housekeeping with the victim found out about this affair, and informed her conspirators of the same, and they, being adepts in such business, knowing this Vallejo siren would do anything for revenge and a little money, had employed her for the purpose already pointed out. And this was the situation so far. The victim and spouse had now arrived at Oakland and taken the ferry-boat to go across the bay eight miles to San Francisco. The Bird was flying around in close proximity, but studiously avoiding any conversation with the victim; this was so the victim could never testify to anything that he

had said, and that he would not be able to ask him any questions that might possibly lead to the victim's benefit; in short, mum was the only safe rule, according to the advice of the cur. As soon as Jezebel got on the boat she was in a great and unseemly rush to get ahead and go near the bow of the boat, where she sat down directly facing a large man dressed in black with a silk hat, who wore rather short, black whiskers. As soon as the eyes of this man and those of the victim met, mutual detection followed. The silk hat man was spotted by the victim as being a detective, and being such, he knew he was spotted. As soon as the boat landed Mr. Detective and Mr. Bird walked off together and went up Market Street a few blocks and turned to the right up Pacific Street. The detective becoming disgusted with this farcial outrage withdrew from the case.

As soon as Jezebel sat down on the boat in front of the detective, the victim knew he had a much more desperate plot to outgeneral to save his liberty than he had before conceived of, though from Vallejo down he was satisfied that the insanity plot was the play, in this large city where little noise or comment would be made about it, such things being of frequent occurrence there. Now he well knew that incarceration in an asylum was his doom if he did not baffle their plans in some way. He fully realized that the plot was secretly and deeply laid, and backed with all the money necessary to carry it into successful execution, and that it would take work as fine as the hair discovery to beat this barbarous conspiracy and prevent it from landing him in an asylum that very day.

Then, as he loved his liberty, it behooved him to thwart, beat, and kill the plot of these criminals who

were trying to imprison him to hide and break down the evidence of their own criminal acts and immoral conduct. And then the plan seemed to come to him, while sitting in the ferry-boat in front of the detective, which was worked out in this way: He said to her in a loud tone, "We did not sleep any last night, so we will go to Swan's Restaurant on Market Street opposite the Palace Hotel, and get our breakfast, then go and lie down for a while and rest before we begin our business." This plan of eating and sleeping was of course for the purpose of getting time to think and watch developments, and if possible to lay some other scheme to get away from their hot pursuit, and certain ruin.

Now, this detective, seen on the boat, was a very bright, smart fellow, and the victim was satisfied that he was either forever disgusted with the outrage or had gone to substitute another in his place, and a substitute it was, for, as soon as they entered Swan's Restaurant, there was another detective seen sitting by the counter facing the entrance door, who undertook to closely scan the victim as he entered, rather as the butcher picks out the animals as they are driven to the slaughter. He was of a sandy complexion, smooth shaven, weighed about one hundred eighty pounds, but not half so bright as the one on the boat; Jezebel designedly seated herself at the table so as to face the detective, while the victim's back was toward him. She was caught shaking her head, meaning "No," and there were noticed several other actions that the writer must refrain from stating.

After breakfast, she proposed going to rooms adjoining, to lie down, and the detective then arose and went up the stairs to the floor of these rooms, whereupon the victim declined to go, but instead repaired to 414 Sutter Street, and as they were going up the stairs, who should

be there at the landing but the same detective seen at the Restaurant, with two more persons about the calibre and size of police court bailiffs. The victim is now ringing the bell and talking to the attendant arranging for a room, and one of these bailiffs is knocking on a door with a little dude stick ostensibly to gain admittance, but in reality to size up the victim.

At this place, room No. 36 on the second floor was assigned to them, and about as soon as they had entered the same, three or four persons, judging from the sound of their footsteps, went into the room adjoining, which was separated by a lathe and plaster partition wall with a communicating door and a transom over it. Jezebel soon laid down on top of the bed, taking the inside next to this partition to the room where the thugs had just entered. The victim now lopped down on the fore side of the bed and silence reigned supreme in each of these rooms.

He soon feigned to be asleep and in about half an hour there came three low distinct raps on this partition wall from the thug room and quicker than the assertion can be made Jezebel answered back on the wall with three light raps. The victim, realizing the meaning of these raps was almost as portentous as death to him, at once asked her what she was doing by answering those raps on the wall. She said, "Oh, I didn't know I did. I was asleep. My hand must have fallen against the wall." Then again all was soon still and silent, and in quite a long time, say an hour, the victim being awake but dozing, heard the creaking of the transom over the communicating door, and lying where he could see it, there as a man's hand working to open it, and at this time Jezebel began to slide down near the foot of the bed. The victim jumped off the bed, pre-

tending he had been asleep, and said, "It's so late we can't do anything today; we'll go over the bay to Oakland to Tubb's Hotel, and stay all night, and you can see your friends there, and the next day we will be prepared for work. But she was very much averse to going over to Oakland, because it would materially interfere with the insanity plot, while a refusal to go would call out some reason, which might again operate disastrously to them, so she quietly acquiesced, taking her chances on yet effectually doing the victim up.

It was now nearly three o'clock in the afternoon, and while he had been lying there on the bed some very hard thinking and close planning had been done to protect his liberty, for he knew that if he were ever arrested he would have no hope of escape, for the doctors and judges would, for the money and favor of the combine, do whatever it wanted them to do. So he had evolved the plan of getting over to Oakland about the time the train returned to Woodland, and to board it and then he would be safe for that day at least. Just as they were leaving room No. 36, he admonished her not to tell the landlady where they were going, but contrary to this, just as he was paying for the room, Jezebel said to the landlady, "Mr. Sullivan is going over to Oakland to stay all night at the Tubbs' Hotel."

Her object, of course, was to inform the landlady so that the thugs might be sure of his whereabouts without much difficulty, while the victim's object in cautioning her was because he knew her so well that he anticipated she would do this very thing of giving their whereabouts away to the landlady and he thought he would try to prevent such a contingency; for he did not really know but that he might miss the train to Woodland and in

such case he would go to this hotel, and if he went there he was extremely fearful of his safety.

The detective and bailiffs remained in their room until after the victim had left his, and, of course, after his departure from the house they found out from the landlady where the game had flown to and the detective was at the ferry at the foot of Market Street, going to Oakland, before the victim was. Now, as soon as the victim had gotten just a little away from 414 Sutter Street on to Kearney Street, there was the vulture Bird with his Vallejo woman in close proximity to the intended prey, and the expressions that came over her and Jezebel's faces as they passed and realized that the victim was not yet ruined were like the blackest clouds; but not a word was said, for the policy and plan of action was mum and secrecy. Now a little distance farther on, this physically and morally broken-down crook, Amasa Mars before mentioned from Folson was met.

This trio were all in the city this day to prove the victim insane, and Mars admitted this about a year after when the campaign was over and all was thought to be settled and serene. Besides other thugs at about this last named time told the victim the same thing, and laughed and joked about it saying, "When there was so much sugar a man would be a fool not to get some of it."

On their way down to the ferry, the victim solaced himself by the delusive idea that after he had beat the conspiracy in its plans of the day, then these murderers would be dispirited and desist and his torture would be at an end; but not so, they were more wicked than ever. The time had been very luckily calculated for as soon as they arrived at the ferry the boat was ready to start for Oakland, and as soon as it landed at the pier, there

stood the train waiting for its passengers for Woodland, Sacramento, and so on up the State. He went off the boat and toward this train and Jezebel then said, "Where are you going; that's the wrong way." "No," he said, "its the right way, and I am going back to Woodland." She stood in amazement and was white with rage. It was the first and only time she was ever seen by him to lose herself. She said, "Going to Woodland; you crazy lunatic, you ought to go to the asylum." He said, "Yes, perhaps so, but I will not go today." There was nothing left for her to do but get aboard or be left, so she silently and sullenly came on the train, and it immediately pulled out for Woodland.

The intended sacrifice was not made. The whole combination of villains and murderers had lost the battle of the day and they must now retreat, re-organize and adopt some new plan or device of destruction. It was now demonstrated that the victim could not be sent to the asylum either from Woodland or from San Francisco. An entire fresh and new plot must be laid or all would be ruined. So the telegraph wires were brought into requisition, and the great murder general, B. N. Bugby from Folson started for Woodland, and was met at the Davisville Junction ten miles from Woodland. He was absolutely mum and would have nothing to say to the victim, though they were well acquainted, he having often been in the victim's law office at Folson, but now something unusually strange came over him. The victim divined the meanning of his appearance as soon as he saw him on the train, and hence tried to draw him out but could not. In due time, the train arrived at Woodland and Bugby went to Ball & Craige's law office, which only confirmed the

victim's mind of his further intended ruin by this combine.

Jezebel would not sleep in her flat that evening, giving as an excuse that it might burn down. Perhaps as Bugby's home at Folson had burned and he was now in town this bank building might burn. However, in order to avoid trouble, room No. 49 at the Craft Hotel was hired for her at twelve o'clock at night. One of her principal motives was to obey the commands of the conspiracy and be in a convenient place to receive her murder orders for the next day, that were to be formulated and decided upon that night by General Bugby & Company.

The victim was up and out about six o'clock the next morning, and he noticed his physician, Dr. Ross, from Canada, leaving town. This was ominous to him; for he concluded that if they were going to try to murder him in some way, or if they succeeded in doing so, one of the things they would do would be to fix this doctor, and the cheapest way to do so would be to have him leave town, and that would relieve him of any connection as witness or otherwise in the premises, a perfect alibi being the best and surest kind of plan. The next ominous fact noted was the early appearance of Dentist Dick on the scene. Now he was out at six o'clock, when half past eight o'clock was his usual time of getting to the office. As the victim went up the stairs to his home, the Dentist, whose office was in the bank building on the opposite side of the hall to Ball's office, followed him up. The pursued unlocked the door, left the key therein, stepped to the hydrant, and took a drink of water. Then he returned to get his key, but it was gone.

There had been no person on the floor but the Dentist, and of course the conclusion was inevitable that he took it. The victim immediately accused him of so doing, and he stuttered and stammered and with eyes slinking like a cat under a bed, he finally succeeded in denying it. But when Jezebel returned that morning he gave it to her and she tried to slip it into the victim's vest pocket unnoticed, but unfortunately for them she was detected in the act. Just why the dentist stole that key is hard to say. It might be he was following a natural proclivity. It might be that he wanted to take a wax impression of it so as to make a duplicate that they would have easy access for murder or criminal purposes, or it might have been accounted for upon the general rule that, criminals always do something so low, foolish and unaccountable on any reasonable hypothesis they are thereby often detected.

It is now only fair to assume that on this evening of July 13, 1886, Bugby, Ball, Craige, Fiske, Heighton, Hart, Sprague and others of the conspiracy soon assembled to devise a plot to effectually, once and forever get rid of the victim; and that they agreed that if he was not killed their plans and attempts already had to kill him or send him to an asylum would become known to the people, also their motive, for the same would become known, and then, notwithstanding their money, their power with the people would be lost. Now, by reason of their especial qualifications for such business, they undoubtedly soon agreed that the victim must be killed by poison administered by Jezebel who could most secretly and effectually, and without suspicion thereafter, adminster the same. And as these nondescript villains plotted away the life of one who had never done them harm, and to whom they were all

profusely expressing their kindness and friendship, and were especially showing this to the public, to work off suspicion when the murder was done, is it any wonder that it is said that truth is stronger than fiction? Before Jezebel had returned on this morning from her night's debauchery, the victim had been to breakfast at old lady Beamer's.

He went there because he was sure of being poisoned in some way and he feared it was in the food in his home. It was now about 10 o'clock on the 14th inst., and the victim was sitting in the hallway trying to evolve some plan to avoid the impending peril of his life. He had not been meditating but a short time when young Thomas B. Gibson, a drug clerk from Zimmerman's store, where Dr. Strong had his headquarters, came up the stairs and went to the office door of Dentist Dick. There they reached out their hands and something was given by Gibson to Dick. The victim saw this. It was the poison which was subsequently given by Dick to Jezebel to administer to the victim. The clerk and dentist saw the victim looking at them, and to ward off his suspicion of their guilt, began talking in a blind mumbling manner, so that what was said could not be understood.

After the clerk left, the victim went out to the rear of the house, and as he was returning Mr. Dick was seen by him swiftly skipping away from the door where Jezebel was. He went in and enquired what Dick had been there for. She denied that Dick had been there at all, and immediately began to assume a cry and said a few times, "I am afraid something is going to happen." The victim never let on that he noticed her, but was fully alive to the fact that Dick had left her the poison and

that she would try to poison him; also, that her assumed cry was no compunction of conscience, but rather fear that in some way the poison would miss the mark and they would all be exposed. He was further aware that lying and crying are characteristic of a siren when troubled, and particularly when about to do some desperate act.

The victim now again sat down in the hall to smoke, watch, and defeat if possible the attempt to poison him, that he knew sooner or later would be made by her. She knew it was his usual custom to take a sip of water after smoking. He had now smoked a few times, and after such smoke he had gone to the hydrant in the bath room adjoining the kitchen, and there hung a small dipper in which he drew the water to drink, but as a matter of precaution, he let the hydrant run and then rinsed the dipper each time before he drank. But the last time he drank from the dipper he did not rinse it before using; he had drank from it two or three times without harm, and he thought he might be over-cautious and would run the gauntlet of drinking by just letting it drain, so he turned it sidewise and a little fluid now ran out which he took to be water. When he had drank, he walked out into the next room a few steps, and the sparks began to fly out of his eyes, which seemed to look like quick, bright sparks of electricity. It was something like the first rays of an electric light he saw.

He then felt like standing and rather stared into vacancy for a few seconds; then he began to have a burning sensation in his breast and stomach and griping, tightening pains in his breast and lungs. He knew that he had just been poisoned from the dipper. She had been out and in this room while he was smoking,

and no other person was in the house. He immediately accused her of poisoning him in the way already pointed out. He especially told her that Dr. Strong had prepared the poison for the clerk to bring up stairs to the dentist.

Jezebel now assumed another cry and wanted him to lie down on the couch. He wanted her to go out and get a doctor and a stomach pump but she "didn't want to go out." The fact is, she expected he would soon go into convulsions and die,—she wanted to keep him from being seen by the public so that he would say nothing as to who, how or why he was poisoned. Then it would be easy to make it appear as a case of suicide by the clerk, Dick, Dr. Strong, and others of the combine. To help this theory along they had the insanity affidavit of the District Attorney, and all in all it would have been very little trouble to have buried the villainy of their guilt in the grave with their victim.

Upon her refusal to go for help he lost no time in starting to find some kind of antidote, and she followed him to the head of the stairs begging him to come back and not to go out on the street. As the victim arrived at the foot of the stairs he met a poor young lawyer, Hudson Grant, who seemed to know of the poisoning by saying to the victim, "You had better go home and lie down." But how could he know this? Easily enough. As soon as the poison was taken, Jezebel, not knowing the dipper had been drained, signaled from the window to the watchers on the street, and Grant, a previous suitor for the hand of beautiful Vic, and now defending her father for murder, was sent by Generalissimo to make a preliminary investigation, and he in turn signaled for the chief to come, which he did in a great hurry from the defense of the murder trial to pro-

tect Jezebel and see that no cog slipped in the plot. We digress here to say that as soon as the combine elected Judge Garoutte to the Supreme Court, they rewarded young Grant by electing him Superior Judge in the place vacated by Garoutte.

As soon as the victim arrived at the bottom of the stairs after he had been poisoned, there at the bank corner were about a half dozen of the thugs and secret watchers of the combine, who of course had just been utilized to get Grant and Beast Ball to his office next to the victim's flat. Three doors from there on the same side of the street sat Dr. Strong in front of the drug store from which the poison came. Thus he was in close proximity for the combine's use, and as the victim passed him, he did not speak as usual, but cast a leering look in an anxious, enquiring manner, as much as to say, "I know you have got the dose of poison which I fixed for you; but why are you out here on the street? Why didn't you lie down, go into convulsions, and die? I would have sworn, if necessary, that I saw you come into this drug store and steal the poison."

The victim went to the office of five or six doctors whom he knew, but they were all out of town or could not be found. This was the case with all persons whom he counted as true friends. The Jesuit Catholic priest, John McGinty, was in the bunch and knew of the combine, which was a strong money supporter of his church. Singular, what coincidences; all absent on this poison day, but most of them showed up in the afternoon when it was surely known that the poison plot had failed. He was now feeling comparatively all right, and was satisfied that when he drained the dipper the most of the poison ran out and he only got a little of it, just enough to make him know that he was poisoned. So

he thought he would try to get some evidence on Dr. Strong and applied to him for an antidote, which the doctor gave him in the smallest kind of vial, with some white looking fluid in it, and the doctor urged him to go right home and take it and lie down. He went home, but of course did not take it, but intended to have it analyzed at some future time and gave it to one Guy St. Louis to keep for him, but could never get it back. He happened to give it to St. Louis on the evening of the poison day, when he went there to get his supper, for he did not eat at home for the next two days, the reasons of course were to avoid being poisoned.

The fact that the victim claimed to have been poisoned by the combine as shown was now coming to be known by quite a few people, and in the meantime he had made up his mind that he could beat the poison game by only eating from the same kind of food that she ate. And he told his spouse that the next morning, the 17th, he would breakfast at home. In the morning, when the breakfast was almost ready to be served, a Mrs. Hevel, the wife of a wealthy rancher, came in. She was state and portly, with raven black hair, eyes deep set, black, piercing and as unfathomable as the Dark Ages.

Her husband a few days before had fired five shots at a man on account of jealousy. The moment this woman entered, he knew that Jezebel and this combine had conspired another plot to poison him. And the Hevel, or Devil, woman had been brought to the scene of action as a witness to prove his suicide in case they succeeded in murdering him. Mrs. H. was invited to breakfast, but of course declined. When Jezebel poured the coffee, the victim noticed an unusual twitching of the muscles under the right eye. She was trying

to appear cool and collected, and under the necessary strain on the nerves in such a case, she thus, though in a slight way only, showed her agitation. The poison was in the coffee, and he then knew it almost as well as she did.

Although she was a great coffee drinker, this morning she did not drink any, but only pretended to sip a little with a spoon. He ate a light breakfast without tasting the coffee, and went out, and in a very few minutes returned with a bottle to preserve some of the coffee for analyzation, but it was gone. She had emptied it all in the wash bowl hydrant and was still eating at the table. As soon as he mentioned coffee, she ran to the hydrant, turned on the water and washed all the coffee grounds away into the waste pipe. Before this the coffee grounds were put into a bucket used for such purpose. And so this poison plot failed; also the victim's chance to analyze the coffee.

Murder plots were now in order and were coming as fast as three a day, the details of the second one on this Hevel day are briefly told as follows: The victim was in the habit, at this stage of the private war, of lying down in the afternoon and taking a little sleep. That afternoon he was lying there on the couch, but for some unaccountable reason he could not sleep. Jezebel was in the adjoining room sewing on a machine and sitting facing the hall and door which was open and was directly in front of the door leading to old man Hunt's room, to which it will be remembered she had the keys in his absence. She would occasionally look in the direction of Hunt's door, and at one of these times the victim saw her shaking her head as if indicating "No."

Then she looked toward the couch where the victim lay and saw him watching her. She arose and shut

the hall door through which he was looking, and almost at once he heard footsteps in the hall at about Hunt's door; he jumped up and went to the door of his room looking into the hall and saw a strange desperate looking man sneaking down the stairs. He looked back at the victim and then hurried down. This man was a pal of Craige's before and after this time. His name was Thomas Conroy.

The brief summing up of these facts are: Jezebel unlocked the door to Hunt's room, at the dictation of the conspiracy, and let the murderer in, and when the victim went to sleep she was to inform the assassin and then go out to the store for some article and after the assassin had come in and cut the victim's throat, the knife was to be dropped by his right hand so as to show he had committed suicide; then, the assassin was to go down the back stairs and leave the country. Jezebel would have been advised by the watchers when to return and found the job completed, and by the conspiracy controlling everything, the victim would have been buried as a suicide and the evidence of their crimes would have gone to the grave with him.

Now comes the third plot to murder the victim on this day. He of course was now watchful and vigilant, and, by being so, detected a plan to carry him off to the Sacramento river that night to drown him, and then have it appear that he was crazy, wandered there and destroyed himself. To aid in this transportation, Generalissimo bought about fifty feet of new half inch rope and had it in readiness for use at his office that evening. The victim was to be tied with this and taken down the back stairs of his flat to the rear; and if Generalissimo was to make a defense about this rope, he would neither deny it in to-to, or plead it was pur-

chased for some legitimate use. So the victim being cognizant of this plan, knew that his life was now in the most imminent danger. Being boycotted and impoverished by this combine until he did not have a dollar nor a gun to help or protect himself with, his condition was certainly very unenviable. His case was one of murderers to the right of him, murderers to the left of him, and murderers in the house with him, and all around him. Believing that the jail would best serve such refuge from destruction that night he started to go there by a round about way down the back street so as not to be seen by the assassins. When he was in front of the Craft Hotel, just before turning off the Main street, Mr. A. C. Turner, the proprietor, was standing in the hotel doorway, and he spoke and said: "Why, hello Sullivan, how do you do? Where are you going?"

The victim replied, "Oh, nowhere much," and turned and went around the corner without stopping at all. When around the corner on College Street, Mr. Turner, who had gone through his hotel and come out at the side door, again hailed the victim and asked him where he was going. The victim then told him that he was going to the jail. Mr. Turner said, "See here, you must not go that way; there is danger!" "You know I would not say that unless it were true." The victim said, "How do you know?" He replied, "Do you see that man standing on there. He is hired to kll you. He told me so, and said that there was big money in it. And you know that they are after you trying to kill you." The victim said, yes; that he knew all that, and that fellow's name was Quinlin. He had been watching and leering at him when he went out to St. Louis' to eat and followed him there. If he did not go to the jail he would not be alive the next day. Mr.

Turner then said, "Come and go back down the street, for you will be killed if you go that way.

So the victim turned back and went to the jail the way Mr. Turner suggested and told the officers and sheriff at the jail that they were trying to kill him, and that he had come there to sleep for safety that night.

A very pertinent question may now be asked. Why did not this sheriff arrest the victim then and keep him in jail as an insane man? He had the papers and Sprague's affidavit heretofore noted, charging him with being crazy. The victim was then, and ever since has been crazy, or else his statement was true. The fact is, this sheriff was one of the would-be murderers, but without orders from Generalissimo he dare not act, and they did not then want to arrest him, but to have him turned loose, for they had him without a pistol or any means of defense and were sure of being able to kill him. These statements of Mr. Turner's were afterwards repeated in substance by him in the presence of two others.

There was a barber at Woodland at this time by the name of Henry Matthews, who had always shaved the victim since he came to live at Woodland. During this secret war, just before the murder episode about to be related, Craige and the barber were seen in close, earnest talk on the streets at night. Craige never went there to be shaved.

Quite a long time before this, the victim had heard the barber relate a story about one who in Kansas, where he came from, had for revenge cut a man's ear off while being shaved, and when arrested swore the razor slipped and that it was an accident, and thus evaded legal punishment. Now, from talk which the victim had with the barber he was satisfied that he

would do any such similar crime for money, and especially when he had money and influential persons to back him.

So, it was on the 16th of July, 1886, a day out of order here, that the victim went to this barber shop to be shaved, and as he went into the shop, the barber's helper was standing by his chair waiting for a customer, and Matthews was sitting down honing a razor. As the victim entered the shop, Matthews was noticed to flush in the face and jumped up, and as the victim was about to be seated in the chair for the helper to shave him Matthews said, "I'll shave him." The helper immediately left the shop by the back door and as he was going out he motioned by a longing look with his eyes and drawing his hand and finger across his neck to the victim to leave.

The victim lost no time in putting all of these signs and facts together and jumped out of the barber chair and said "I'll not be shaved now." Matthews stood and looked dumbfounded, but never uttered a word. The victim was on his guard and knew all these parties were participating in this life and death struggle, and says there is not a shadow of doubt but that if he had let Matthews begin to shave him that day his throat would have been cut, and the barber would have sworn that the razor slipped, or that the victim grabbed the razor, and cut his own throat, and with the District Attorney's insanity affidavit, and none to prosecute but all to suppress, a case of suicide or accident would have been made out and the true story never would have been told.

After arriving home on this morning of the 18th inst, the victim admonished Jezebel in all the ways and with all the words that he thought might have any effect

upon her not to be a party any further with this criminal combination. He especially pointed out to her that unless she and they desisted all would eventually be detected and exposed to the whole world, and if that was done the whole bunch would be paralyzed and in a measure ruined forever. He further told her that she might take all they had and go wherever and with whomever she chose.

She replied that she would never admit her own guilt, that before she would do so, she would hang by the neck until she was dead; that she knew enough to make somebody put his foot into the mud as far as she had put her's into the mire before she did anything wrong, and then they would have to protect her to protect themselves. Then she became vehemently animated and said, "You bet your life Mr. Ball is a good man and true blue, and he is too smart to acknowledge his infamy. Besides he has plenty of money and backers."

It was now an absolute certainty and fixed fact in the victim's mind that do all he could the persecutors could not be induced to desist, for the reason they felt certain of being able to accomplish his secret murder in such a manner as to make it appear he had committed suicide, to a not over anxious public. He was equally certain that he would in some way evade their designs though he knew not just how. He was also certain that they relied on Jezebel to assist them materially by giving them advice about his intentions, as he never lied to her; but here is where they were fooled. He told her only such things as he wanted them to know, such as would conserve his own interest and welfare, and such as he could use in the future to dovetail this combination of facts together. He played their own game on them.

It was now about noon of July 18, 1886, and Jezebel was preparing to go to Sacramento that afternoon, and she had expressed a very anxious desire that the victim should take a bath, put on clean clothes and then lie down and have a sleep. She was then extremely solicitous for his cleanly and restful welfare, much more so than on the previous night when he had to sleep in the jail or be murdered. The wonder is that this schooled criminal was silly enough to make such a self convicting and horrible request, but crime is always lame in some of its perambulations, and so it can be accounted for in that way.

After this, it happened that they were going up the stairs over the bank at the same time, and at the foot of the stairs on the sidewalk near the bank window there stood a big burly negro, who wore a blue flannel shirt, with breast open and collar turned down, without coat or vest He was certainly the prince of dragons. As the victim passed him, he looked a wild, savage look and said, "I am the fellow that can do a man up in good shape." As he made this remark, he looked significantly at Jezebel. Of course, even a crazy man could see that this negro was a new assasin brought to the front, and that her bath and clean clothes request was for the purpose of having the intended corpse in good shape, that she might claim that he was well kept while with her. This is the true theory.

The victim's house was easy of access by front and rear stairways, and after Jezebel went to Sacramento City he went out on the streets, because he dare not remain in the house, and as for the business at his office that was boycotted and broken up until he had none. He was now on the streets, and the assasins were all on the alert to murder him, and thus earn the

conspiring blood boodle. The negro was leering and staring at him, with the look of a demon thirsting for blood. Quinlin was peering after and following him, though with the ostensible appearance that such was not the case.

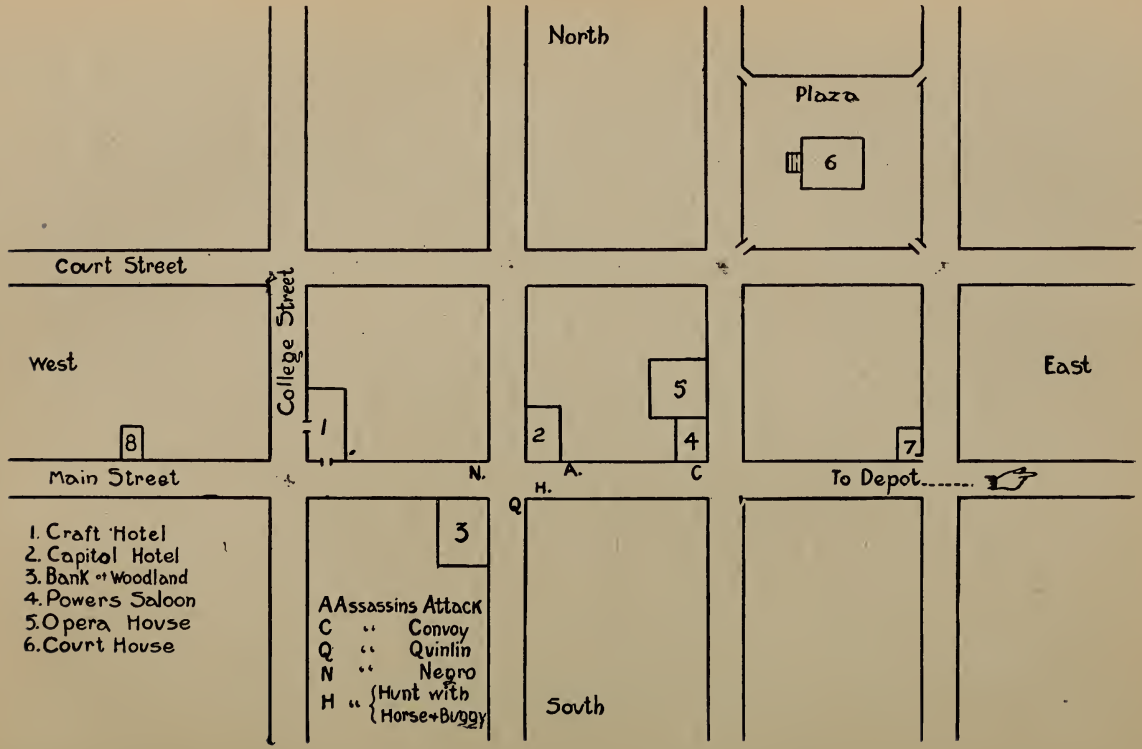
Tom Conroy was at Powers corner trying to get a sneak shot at him while he was passing. Rudolph and another man were on the move with an air of waiting for something, and Charles Brown, who had killed Jack Stewart with a knife at Knight's Landing in Yolo County, in 1872, was rustling around apparently carrying orders from the conspirators in the Opera House to these other assassins on the street. So after the victim had made the foregoing observations, he went into the Opera House where the murder trial was in progress to see if something would not develop in his behalf. Brown, Conroy, and the negro followed him in. The victim thought he would go out and thus see if these assassins would follow him out, and sure enough they did, but he was very careful not to let them get very near him. He now went up the street toward home, and Brown followed after him with his right hand most of the time in his hip pocket, and he went over on the corner by Linder's store and watched the vicim as he went upstairs home.

The victim remained only a few moments for the fear already stated, and returned down stairs where he saw John D. Stephens drive up to his bank. The victim went over to Stephens and shook hands with him, and while doing so, Stephens' hand trembled like an aspen leaf. The victim looked at him and saw that he was unnaturally white about the furrows of his face, and showed much sign of excitement. The victim then spoke and said, "John D., why in the name of God

don't you stop this intended murder of me. I know you know about it, and have the power to stop it by a single word." Stephens evaded a direct reply and said, "We are all after the almighty dollar. Judge Armstrong has told me about you. But ——"

Here was a millionaire with a cur of a son-in-law who had children of whom the millionaire was the grandfather. His son-in-law was the libertine already pointed out, and it would be only practical human nature for him to protect his own household. So in quickly carrying out this natural inclination in this respect he evaded the question of murder and commenced to talk about money and Judge Armstrong, who was one of the conspirators from Sacramento City, and a law partner of Add. C. Hinkson of the same place, and friends of the millionaire for his money. Here is a horrible crime of which the millionaire is shown to have had and did have a guilty knowledge; and he enjoying the sunlight of heaven on this beautiful day, blessed with health, strength, and money, claiming to be the friend of a man who, he knows, is about to be murdered, is it any wonder that he trembles when confronted by the victim?

After talking a while the victim left the millionaire and was walking on Main Street. He noticed that Gas Hunt, a native of North Carolina and a friend of this combination, was on the street driving a spirited horse attached to a piano box buggy, and that he drove around apparently for pleasure, but that he was always to be seen close to the victim, with his eyes flaring and snapping until one would almost think that they would crack. Just hold him in mind he will soon be referred to again. The victim had just come from the Opera House, where Brown and Conroy had followed him in and out again, and was now in front of Simpson's saloon


North
Plaza
6
Court Street
College Street
West
East
8
1
2
5
4
7
Main Street
N.
A.
C
H.
To Depot.....
Q
3
1. Craft Hotel
2. Capitol Hotel
3. Bank of Woodland
4. Powers Saloon
5. Opera House
6. Court House
AAssassins Attack
C " Convoy
Q " Quinlin
N " Negro
H " {Hunt with Horse+Buggy
South

on the sidewalk, walking north. The active assassins were stationed for duty at the most available points of attack, so as to prevent his escape in case of their failure to murder him at the first attempt. They were deployed as follows and as shown on the accompanying diagram.

The negro was at Siesenvine's store west of the victim on the same side of the street. Conroy was east of him on the same side of the street at the corner of Powers' saloon. Quinlin was south of him on the opposite side of the street. This same Gas Hunt was opposite him with his horse and buggy driving slowly the same way the victim was going. R. H. Spaulding, Harlan's son-in-law, was on the same side of the street about ten feet behind the victim. Rudolph and a stranger were in company with Spaulding. He was surrounded by the assassins, and handicapped by the insanity papers in the hand of the sheriff, so that if he sounded any great alarm, he could be immediately arrested as a crazy man; besides being boycotted so that he could not get any weapon of defense. He was certainly in a tight, trying place for a single individual supposed to be living under the protection of the law in this God given country.

While the victim was surrounded as last described, Spaulding, Rudolph, and the stranger came sneaking up behind him and when they were within about seven feet of him, Spaulding said to Rudolph, "Now is your time; go for him! Kill him!!" Rudolph and the stranger instantly started on a rush for the victim. Rudolph whipped out a large knife from the inside of his vest, which the victim then thought was the largest instrument of eath that he ever saw. This all took place in about a minute's time.

At the first glare of the knife, the victim as quick as a red squirrel jumped away into the street behind Gas Hunt's buggy, which had now stopped, and like a streak of lightning ran across the street and came in way below and east of Quinlin. The assassins and Hunt stood still for a few seconds, glaring at the victim on the opposite side of the street, and then they all went up to the Spaulding Bros.' grocery store; and thus ended the murder attempt that time.

Generalissimo and his band of murderers were again defeated. Their Waterloo was every time repeated yet they conspired and fought like so many demons. Nearly a year and a half after this, the victim and Gas Hunt met on a ferry boat crossing at San Francisco, and they conversed about this, and Hunt, thinking it was all over, told the victim he thought then that the victim was wrong and ought to be killed, and had his buggy there in which the assassins could escape, but since that time he had changed his mind.

At the time the victim first turned his head to look back, when Spaulding spoke his first words to Rudolph, he saw John Driscoll and Robert Sears, two bar-keepers, running across the street in their shirt sleeves to the place where he was.

A long time after the smoke of this secret war had subsided, the victim was gleaning for evidence to rivet down the coffin lids of these conspirators he said to Driscoll, "Now, the attempt of this Woodland gang to murder me has failed and it's all over, and isn't it a fact that you and Sears came across the street that day that Spaulding and Rudolph were after me, so as to be witnesses for the gang?" He said, "Yes, Sullivan, that's so." "Did they not agree to pay you to swear that I committed suicide or was the first aggressor,

whichever way they might want you to?'' Driscoll said, ''Yes, that is about the size of it, but they will never get me again. That Craige is a bilk. He gets the money and then gives you jumbo promises.''

The victim never questioned Sears about this because he knew the truth was substantially as Driscoll had told it; besides, Sears subsequently sympathized with him and furnished him with much valuable information about the combine, and Jezebel being out nights with Heighton, Ball, Craige, and others, in the oyster café and in this beautiful court yard.

In about six weeks after Rudolph attempted to murder the victim, he was found dead in Sheriff Beamer's grove. Whether he suicided from remorse or was killed by the conspiracy will probably never be known to the general public. But from what is seen here it is proper to say that Rudolph was after the combine for his pay in attempting to kill the victim, and they, rather than pay him, killed him and thus saved their money and prevented Rudolph from exposing them. While no pity can be given him, yet he should not have been murdered, and who can tell but that this exposure may result in the punishment of his slayers. There are good, respectable people at Woodland. They are in the majority in numbers. ''Dead men tell no tales'' was the rule of conduct adopted by these criminals.

As soon as the Spaulding murder company were away as stated, the victim went back to the same side of the street from the place where he had just run. The assassin Conroy was still at his post, and so to get by him without danger, the victim having seen Professor Elton of the Hesperin College in his brother's drug store, went in and asked the professor to walk with him

down to the corner, and after they got there, the victim said, "Professor, some time I will tell you why I asked you to walk with me, but I dare not do so now." The victim was as good as his word, he told the professor, but it was no use then. The professor knew too much about it, although he had no guilty knowledge. He must keep still or lose his professorship at the college, this combine controlling the schools, politics, and all kinds of business. It was a man's ruin or death to antagonize them, or any of them, for they were all like a nest of hornets or vipers.

The victim then went into the Opera House and the Court was about to adjourn. After the court had adjourned the victim went to Sheriff Beamer and told him all about how he had just been attacked by the assassins, and said he wanted the protection of the Sheriff's office, or a six-shooter, and if he would let him have one he would ask no protection, but take care of himself. He also informed the Sheriff how the conspirators had boycotted him until he could neither beg, borrow, nor buy any kind of fire arms. Then the sheriff and he left the Opera House together and he immediately saw the assassins Conroy, Quinlin, and the negro and pointed them out to the sheriff. About this time Craige came near and commenced a sarcastic grin, and the victim then resolved anew that at some time the laugh would be on the other side.

He was now comparatively safe for the assassins knew he was with the sheriff for protection, and for him to be murdered under the sheriff's protection, and under all the circumstances, would be social and political murder of the sheriff, a condition of affairs they could not afford, because they could not allow such a useful tool to be destroyed. Question: Why did not

the sheriff arrest either the alleged insane man, or the alleged assassins at that time? He had the papers for the alleged insane man's commitment, why not arrest him? He must be crazy or else these assassins had tried to murder him. The true answer is that to have arrested the victim would have saved his life and the conspiracy wanted to kill him, and the sheriff was simply obeying the orders of Generalissimo and company.

Can the human mind grasp the disgrace that this band of conspirators has brought on American civilization? Will the decent people of the little city of Woodland look upon the situation as it really was for a moment and see; that at the very time these assassins were on the street trying to do bloody murder for money alone, and the money that was paying them came from one who was then sitting at the people's bar of justice being tried for his life, for having premeditatedly murdered one of the most honorable and honored sons of the Golden West, and sent him in his early youth to his Creator, the slayer knowing that his extreme wealth would make a successful defense for him; and this same person now on trial for his life, trying to add another sneak murder to his criminal record, by the use of his money; prompted thereto by false friends, false affidavits, a villainous court, a perjured District Attorney, and a gang of lawyers and others, coated and seared with nearly every crime known to the criminal category. Can these outlaws be seen as they are, going through the farce of trying and acquitting one murderer and at the same time committing another murder?

Can the mind conceive or the pen portray the intrinsic wickedness of this criminal combination, making a mockery of justice and law by the farce of a trial for the

murder of young Craft, and at the same time attempting by the use of all treachery and money to murder another innocent man to hide the evidence of their own lust and sins? Is it supposable, that if this gang were relegated to perdition, would not the devil have scruples about disgracing the realms of his satanic kingdom with such traitorous beings? And would he not be fearful that they there, as here, would intrigue, conspire, and dethrone him, and even attempt to murder him?

The victim had gone over to the Court House jail with the sheriff, and when Jezebel returned from Sacramento City that evening this man Hinkson came over with her, she having been at his office and the *Clunie* building with him that afternoon. Hinkson came over to the victim's refuge about eight o'clock, and seemed to know all about the murder attempt that afternoon before the victim said anything about it. The fact is he knew all about it even before Jezebel went over to his office, and had now heard of its failure and came over to assist in organizing another murder scheme which will soon develop.

It might be stated here that Jezebel went to Sacramento to see him; also to give the assassins a better chance and to prove an alibi for herself. She was the shrewdest conspirator in the whole bunch, and shrewd enough not to tell them anything about her previous criminal and generally bad record. Well, they now left the court house and went over to the flat, and the disappointment of this twain was easily seen. This was particularly noticed by the blarney they attempted to give him when discussing the murder attempt of the afternoon. They brought over the proclamation of Governor Stoneman, calling an extra session of the

legislature to convene the 20th inst. at Sacramento City twenty-eight miles from Woodland by rail.

The victim was the enrolling clerk of the Senate at the last regular session of the legislature. They both urged him to go over and assume the duties of this office. He told them his office was not a hold-over office, and, besides, this being an extra session, there would probably not be any enrolling clerk elected. In this he was giving them their own medicine of duplicity, for he intended to go over and get the office if possible, which was worth $240 a month.

But he knew that if they thought there was any chance for him to get it, the conspirators had power enough to, and would defeat him; for they would know that if he got this office he would have money and a pistol and their conspiracy jig would be up. He was also thoroughly well aware that the desire to have him go over to Sacramento was so the conspiracy could get a new battle field for their private war, as they were now getting very uneasy about their exposure on account of so many recent failures, and they were particularly desirous of transferring the field of action to some other place than Woodland.

On the afternoon of the 19th inst, everything being planned and set in order for his assassination on the following day, as he was going over to the legislature, Hinkson left his murder friends and went home to Sacramento City. The next morning the victim left Woodland on the six o'clock train, and by force of reasoning from established facts, he knew they were going to make another attempt to murder him that day. But where, when or how, of course, he could not tell until something more had developed in that regard.

Previous to leaving his home that morning, the victim

had noticed a cigarette fiend passing and repassing his home and glaring up at the windows as if to get a sign. This was a newly hired assassin, and by his dude, gambler, cut-throat style, it was very easy to spot him. When the victim was ready to go to Sacramento the hotel buss was gone, so he took a seat in the express wagon, and immediately the dude assassin came forward and sat on the other side by the driver. As they passed the corner, he looked back and there saw Jezebel at the window taking what she supposed was a last look at the one she had conspired to kill. But her real anxiety was to see that he had gone rather than to get a last look at him.

On arriving at the depot, conscientious Fiske was there noticed moving sneakingly about as though he wanted to steal something from the platform of the depot without being caught at it. He is a very conscientious gentleman and goes toddling along to church every Sunday morning with his book under his arm, with conscience oozing out of every pore of his hide.

He is so very conscientious that when being examined as a juror in the Harlan case he said his conscience would not let him do justice he was so prejudiced against the murdered man. This was a great bluff to ingratiate himself into the favor of the millionaire for gain. He was so conscientious that he tried to get the victim to drink liquor, as he used to do years before this time, so he might get drunk and get killed. Yes, he had a great conscience; the same as that of a hyena digging up the corpse from a newly made grave. Along with Fiske were two noted thugs of the town, Henry Skinner, a native of Vermont, and Henry Wallace. This last fellow's eyes resembled the isinglass in coal stove when the gas is burning off. They snapped

and sparkled and presented a red, black and blue color streaked up and down. The corners of his mouth would draw down and close and his under jaw would protrude. Such was the general appearance at all times when seen that day. He was the most intelligent and desperate out of the whole lot of about thirty hired assassins engaged in this private war. It will be understood the real conspirators stood high, claimed respectability, and really controlled the town and county, and of course could not personally strike the fatal blow.

The train was a local affair with only two passenger cars, and this morning the passengers were all in the front car. When the train was within a few minutes of the Davisville Junction, the victim went back into the rear car and Wallace immediately followed him, whereupon, the victim started to return to the front car and Wallace commenced to talk foolish, impudent matter for the purpose of keeping him in the car, so as to get a chance to kill him just about the time the train stopped at Davisville; where, it was after wards known, the conspirators had a team ready for the assassins to flee the country with, as soon as the murder was committed. It was their plot to kill the victim at this small place early in the morning, and then the assassins could easily have escaped in a wagon. The judge, sheriff, district attorney, and nearly all the county officers being in the conspiracy, there was really not much of any danger to them. The real conspirators could prove an alibi or anything else they desired and nothing would have been done. It was in a way a real bright plot.

The train stopped here at Davisville and it had to back up and make a curve to go to Sacramento City. Now, before it did this, three other and new assassins

made their appearance. They were Frank Welch, Frank Meyers, and Charles Grey. They had come down from Woodland that morning in the wagon, and Fiske was there with Harlan's blood boodle which the assassins were to receive after the killing.

At Davisville the victim stepped out on the platform of the first car, and Grey immediately came sidling up, to him from the railroad platform, with his right hand in his short coat pocket, and from all the facts the victim thought it would be more conducive to his welfare on the inside of the car among the passengers, where he went, and Grey did not get a chance to earn his boodle.

The train now commenced backing out to get on the track for Sacramento. Fiske and Skinner were sitting in the front of the car, the victim was in the extreme rear of the car, and Wallace was in the front of the rear car. The train had moved but about two lengths of itself when Wallace came out of his car onto the rear platform of the car where the victim was, and then he kept motioning to Skinner and alternately looking at him and the victim. Skinner's attention was now wanted, for the killing time had come.

The train was slowly moving, the wagon ready to run the assassins off, and money bags was aboard to drop them their money as soon as the job was done.

But Wallace could not get the attention of his pal at this opportune time. Skinner had either forgot the part he was to play or his courage failed him. So Wallace run his hand into his hip pocket and whipped out a revolver, and just at this time the victim jumped in behind an old man and kept him in range between Wallace and himself. Wallace smiled a sickly murderous smile, for he instantly knew he was foiled and went

back to his car and remained there until the car arrived at Sacramento City.

Welch, Meyers, and Grey followed over to Sacramento City with the team and they all remained two days trying to get a secret whack at the victim, and finally they returned to Woodland to be supported by poor, fallen women. This band knew that the victim always put up at the Western Hotel while in the city, so Wallace and Skinner got into the hotel buss, supposing the victim would be fool enough to do likewise, and then perchance they might get a chance at him. He thought he knew about how to work these thugs, and so acted as though he were to take the buss until it finally drove to the hotel with them in and him out.

Fiske hurried away to the office of Bugby to report the failure and communicate the defeat to Generalissimo at Woodland, who now deputized General Bugby to take command of the brigands at Sacramento City. The attempted cunning of these conspirators will be noticed by their always trying to keep as far away as possible from the scene of the intended murder, so if necessary, they could prove an alibi; also, in case the victim did survive, anything he might say involving them would appear all the more impossible by reason of their absence at such times; and again, their professed friendship would be a shield to them.

At the Sacramento railroad depot, Tim Lee, an acquaintance of the victim, was on duty as depot officer. They stepped to one side and the victim told him all about how the assassins had tried to kill him at Davisville, and he pointed them out to Lee as they were in the hotel buss. On account of the boldness of these fellows, Mr. Lee was averse to believing it at first, and said, "Why, Sullivan, this can't be true; yet I know

you well enough so that I must believe it." Mr. Lee is a native of Albany, N. Y., and months after this time, at different times, he told the victim that his killing story was all true, and that it was an outrage, but that nothing could be done against such a power.

At the time the victim was ready to walk over into the city from the depot, he observed Mr. Audette, a Woodland merchant, a respectable gentleman not in with the gang, and he requested him to walk with him, knowing that if the assassins were met they would not dare make the attack in the presence of such testimony against them. This request was also made for the purpose of adding strength and authenticity to this story; for it will be recalled the victim was noting all the facts as they occurred, so that in case he lived he could write them all up for sale, etc. Wallace had now been over into the city and was returning for his lost victim, but on seeing him with Mr. Audette he dodged into a saloon next to the Saddle Rock Oyster House, on Second Street.

They did not go by Wallace's retreat, but turned a corner and went to the Western Hotel and had breakfast, and while at breakfast, the victim saw Skinner for the last time peering in through the hall window at him. Skinner was a green leek, one of the would be terribles, and was now discharged as an assassin for his failure at Davisville. At this city there was a sensational daily published by the McClatchey Bros., called "The Sacramento Bee." It was into this conspiracy, and in trying to further the murder plans it published an article that evening, singing the song of the old chestnut that the victim was as crazy as a bed bug, thus bending the pregnant hinges of the knee, etc.

Fiske went from the office of Bugby to the Insurance office of Al. G. Hogland, a native of New Jersey, who

was immediately enlisted in the ranks of the assassins. Hogland was a large young man, probably weighing two hundred pounds, with a round bullet-head, small, deep-set, squinty eyes, which were neither black, blue, gray, not any other usual color. They were, more than anything else, like the magnified eyes of a rattlesnake. The victim used to liken his fight for life with these conspirators to the old saying of fighting the devil with his own fire; for he made no open break with them but fought with the same pretended friendship that they were using against him.

So about nine o'clock this morning he went to Hinkson's law office and sounded him, by telling all about the attempted murder at Davisville that morning. Hinkson was true to his proclivities and criminal friends at Woodland, and by far-fetched sophistry, tried to argue that the victim was mistaken about this attempt. While they were talking, Hogland came and posted himself at the foot of the stairs leading to Bugby's office, which was nearly opposite Hinkson's office and there remained watching the stairway, leading to the office of Hinkson, and the victim then and there pointed him out to Hinkson as one of the newly hired assassins, but said he dare not shoot unless he had the absolute drop, for all hired assassins were cowardly brutes.

Now when the victim was tired of unwinding the tangled ball of Hinkson's infamy, he left the office and went out on the streets, which, in a sense, was alive with new assassins. He spotted thirteen of them. They would look and leer and follow him and try in every conceivable way to sneak up and get a secret chance at him. They were nearly all of the Barbary Coast element.

After a while the victim went over and sat down on

the K Street porch of the Capitol Hotel. Presently Hogland came from the Golden Eagle Hotel on the opposite side of the street, where he was seen looking out of the window when the victim sat down, and in a quick, sneaky kind of way he passed into the Capitol Hotel and was getting into position so as to be behind the victim and shoot him through the glass door. The victim turned around, facing him and Hogland slunk away.

There is no doubt that these pages would never have been written if the victim had not turned as he did. Wallace, soon after this, attempted the same game and was foiled in about the same way. He then went and sat in the cigar store of Emil Scheunert, adjoining the hotel, and watched with desperation on his countenance for a chance to assassinate. Emil noticed Wallace and others there whispering around and afterwards said he heard enough so that he knew they were trying to kill the victim, but that as a matter of business he kept his mouth shut about it.

It was now time to go to the State Capitol. The officers and clerks would be elected that afternoon. It will now be recalled that the victim told Jezebel and Hinkson at Woodland that there would not be any enrolling clerk elected at this extra session, and after he came to Sacramento that day he had told Hinkson and Judge Armstrong the same thing, and he made no application to any of the senators for the office until as will be seen further on. He was personally well and favorably known to each of the senators as their votes will soon show. If he had said anything to the senators about this office it might have become known to the conspirators and their allies at Sacramento, and then they would have rallied and surely defeated him.

The Senate was now in session and Senator Kellog had introduced a resolution, which passed, naming the officers and clerks to be elected, among which was that of Enrolling Clerk. When it was about time to fill that office, the victim went to the desks of the Senators W. H. Kellog, Ignacio Del Vallie, Pat Reddy and Clay W. Taylor, and requested each to nominate him for the office, and they each promised to do so.

Under other circumstances he would not have requested so many to have nominated him, but now this office meant life or death to him, and he could not afford to take any more chances in getting it than he had too. It meant money to protect himself with from assassination. He must have it or be killed, and at the same time if these Senators had been worked on by the conspirators, he never would have gotten it, so he was in a very anxious place about this time. He believed then as now that the gods help those who help themselves, and he so acted.

Senator Taylor and Del Vallie both arose at the same time to make the nomination. The President of the Senate recognized Senator Taylor who made the nomination, and the victim was then and there elected without a dissenting vote. Wallace, Hogland and six other thugs were present at the time of his election. He was now recognized by the whole people of the State through these senators, and stood in official importance the peer of any of them. This was quite a raise for the conspirators alleged crazy man. It rather knocked the bottom out of the district attorney's insanity affidavit, and the libel the Sacramento "Bee" published that evening about him. The Senate must have been in a very humiliating position to have elected an enrolling clerk personally known to all of them, and not one even

suspecting he was crazy, if he was crazy. This was a blow in the sore plexus of the conspiracy. They were again beaten in their murder plots, but yet they did not give up whipped.

Financial aid was now secured to the victim by an eight dollar a day salary. The thugs present realized the situation, and hence the look of disappointment, revenge and villainy mingled and shown on their faces. The despair of these thugs could only be equaled by the black cap of death being placed over so many villains as the rope was being placed around their necks to pay the penalty of murdering an innocent person.

Just after the election, the victim walked over to the place where these thugs were sitting just outside the bar of the Senate and said, "You thugs and murderers had now better go home and quit the business, for you can never get the drop on me in secret. I am now beyond your reach." They hung their heads and flushed, and the blood raised in their faces until they turned nearly black. They assumed a grin and were perfectly silent. Not one of them spoke a word in their defense, except Wallace who said, "We'll get you yet."

The Senate having adjourned, the senators were just leaving the Capitol together with other persons who were there as usual on such occasions. The victim was now about to take his departure which was noticed by the thugs, and Wallace followed him to the door on Tenth Street. The victim was alone and turned back and waited until he found a gentleman who was going out, and as they walked out, the victim kept a close watch upon either side of the walk so that Wallace could not sneak upon him. Wallace was hidden in the shrubbery, and after they got nearly out of the park, the victim looked back and saw Wallace sneaking out from

among the shrubs. In a short time, Wallace was at his cigar stand, and failing to get a chance to earn his blood-money, went to Woodland on the evening of the second day.

It was thought that the enemy would now see the utter folly in trying to murder the victim and would quit. To ascertain what possible knowledge he could on that point, the victim went from the State Capitol to the offices of Armstrong & Hinkson and informed them that he had just been elected enrolling clerk of the Senate, and finally told them that he was now beyond the reach of all murderers and while the conspiracy had boycotted him and had him broke, he now had eight dollars a day for that day and would get the same for every day in the week, and that he would soon have a gun, and then he would not run an inch from them.

When the victim announced the news of his election, Judge Armstrong's eyes flashed like the eyes of a tiger in a dark cage. Hinkson excused himself by saying, "Sullivan, talk to Judge Armstrong and tell him all about this affair," and then he went out and up the stairs to Bugby's office to consult with the Sacramento General about future plans of destruction. The victim talked for a long time and told Judge Armstrong a great deal of the attempted murder history of himself up to that time, and tried to impress him with the fact that they would never succeed with their plans, because they were criminally wrong, and the victim was the one sinned against and lied about. Armstrong listened with restlessness and replied by saying, "Ball is your friend." Now, Ball's name was not used up to this point, hence the defense of Ball being interposed without any attack upon him being made was certainly a confession of a guilty knowledge.

The judge then and there laid a plan to poison the victim, and to bring it about said, "Sullivan, you ought to have a tonic like I am taking from Dr. Snyder. I will see him and have him fix you up a bottle. It will not cost you anything. I know he will straighten you right out. Don't you have a burning sensation in the stomach and about the liver?" The victim replied that his stomach, lungs, liver, and lights were all right and as sound as a dollar. Even after this sharp rebuke the judge kept right along playing him for a fool, asking him about his stomach and urging him to take a tonic from his doctor, Snyder.

So the next time he went into the judge's office, Judge Armstrong went out, and in about the time that it would have taken to send a telephone message to the doctor and return to the office, Judge Armstrong came back, and very shortly the erudite Doctor made his appearance. Judge Armstrong then commenced a speech wherein the victim was described as the sick man who wanted a tonic, and the person whom the doctor had been called to see. With unuttered and unutterable contempt for those two thugs, the victim left the office, and as he did so they gazed at him with a look of disappointed vengeance.

The conspirators and thugs were so many in number, worked so fast and devised so many foolish plans, that it was very difficult for the victim to detect and act in the most judicious way in relation to all their attempts. Such was the case in relation to the judge and doctor this day. He should have taken the doctor's little bottle of tonic and had it analyzed. Yet if it had been half poison it would not have made any difference to him, for the money power would have exculpated them before the courts, and in the public press.

Now, on this first day of the session, Hinkson not having returned and Armstrong having plead his and Ball's guilt, the victim went over to the Capitol Hotel, in other words the political hotel, where he was going to stay that night and where he thought perchance he might hear or see something to his benefit. The thugs were around with an air of vengeance, and along toward night Bugby, Hinkson, R. D. Stephens, and Judge McFarland, who was Hinkson's brother in-law, were hanging around and conversing together with apparent great interest, very unnaturally so. Of course the fact is, they had to rearrange their plots since their victim was elected enrolling clerk, and they were now attending to the duties with the active thugs.

This Stephens was no relation to the Woodland banker, but was a politician and postmaster at the city now. He and the victim were old acquaintances and had worked in politics together. The victim met him here and said "Russ, they are trying to murder me in secret and you can stop them. They are all wrong and I want to explain it to you." Stephens said, "I do not want to talk. I do not want to hear any more about it." The victim quickly said, "But here is my life at stake and in danger by a band of rich people." At this point, Stephens passed into the hotel without saying another word. So, from what had passed and from all the circumstances, the victim saw that Stephens had cast his lot with the criminals.

This man Russ Stephens is an awful man. The victim was a delegate to the State Convention in 1880, and helped to make Stephens a delegate-at-large to this convention, and to send him as a delegate from there to the National Convention that year; also, materially assisted in making him a delegate to the State Conven-

tion in 1882 at San Jose, and there supported him for the nomination for State Comptroller, and also supported his friend, Clay W. Taylor, for governor against General Stoneman. Now, when the victim's life is sought in so many ways as here told, Stephens turns the marble face. Just another case of man's ingratitude to man. God have mercy on Stephens and the gang; they realized not what they did.

Although the victim had been elected enrolling clerk this day, his troubles about the same were not all over by any means because of the charge which the Sacramento "Bee" made that the victim was crazy. The trouble was that the Senate might pay some attention to this charge and refuse to let him take the oath of office the next day. But the conspirators did not know enough about the organization of the senate, or overlooked it, and the Senate knowing the charge was false, the victim qualified without objection. Nevertheless, he was greatly and secretly worried, and as an antidote to this libel, he concluded that he could secretly use Hinkson to counteract whatever effect it might have, Hinkson could get anything printed in the next paper, "The Record Union," so the victim got on the street car to go to his home and have him put in an article, all ready prepared, killing the "Bee" charge.

Hinkson had it put in, but in such a haggled shape that the correction was more injurious than the original charge. Now, to add a little more fire to the flame, when he took the street car, three of the thugs also went aboard and he knowing their intention was to kill him at the first good chance, of course added to his trouble. As luck had it at the next block T. K. Berkey, an ex-county clerk of Sacramento County, with whom the victim was well acquainted, boarded the car and they

both sat down together, and he then told Mr. Berkey that he had conferred a great and unconscious favor upon him and he would tell him sometime what it was, but for the same reasons that he dared not tell Prof. Elton at Woodland, as you will recall, he dared not tell at that time Mr. Berkey, although afterwards he talked with the ex-clerk who then knew in a general way about the gang and was greatly shocked and disgusted.

As a further sample as to how Generalissimo & Co. operated, we show: William Linn, a colored man, gave evidence on the Harlan trial, and swore that he saw the deceased Craft about half an hour before the shooting going through the Hesperian College grounds, near the place where he was killed, with a pistol in his hand in open view. This testimony was evidently false, and was given to serve as a basis for Harlan, the slayer, to build a structure of self defense upon. So to pay this negro off, without using their own money, Ball & Co. sent him over to this session of the legislature to get the position of porter, but the first papers of the man were not strong enough.

So Col. Harding came over with the full endorsement of the conspiracy, and Lieut.-Governor Dagget, who was a great friend of Ball and belonged to this political gang, appointed the negro porter of the Senate. Now, we may say this: Here is a lieutenant-governor, in order to stand in with a gang of murderers, paying off a negro for false testimony by appointing him porter of the Senate; also placing him where he might have a chance to watch and try to kill an innocent man that this powerful conspiracy wanted destroyed for reasons already stated.

We are on the second day's session of the legislature,

and Hogland tried his sneak game exactly in the same place and way as yesterday and was likewise foiled. The victim had now gone over to the offices of Armstrong & Hinkson to try to gather the points of the next plot, when for some reason the thugs were thicker than ever, and the victim thought of the saying, truth is stranger than fiction, and these conspirators were proving it. After talking awhile, Hinkson said, "Sullivan, you ought to sleep in a more quiet place than the Capitol Hotel. I think the State House would be better."

What a foolish, self-convicting proposition this was for Hinkson to make. But his desire to murder overcame his judgment. The State House was a nice, quiet place in a less frequented part of the city and more accessible to the thugs. The Capitol Hotel was the rendezvous for politicians, the Woodland gang with their Sacramento contingent, and now they wanted to murder the victim at the hotel and they did not want their own hotel stained with the outrage.

After dinner at the Capitol Hotel this day, the victim had the same kind of burning sensation in his stomach as described by Judge Armstrong the day before. These feelings were the most intense just after he had eaten his soup. He noticed the Irish steward as soon as he had ordered this soup go with the waiter who had the order to the kitchen, and when he was eating it, it was evident from the looks of the waiters that there was something going on unusual. There are a great many other facts and details that could be stated to show that this soup contained some kind of poison.

Now, after awhile, the victim went to Armstrong's office, and he seemed greatly worried. He would look at the victim with amazement as if to say, "Why, are you alive. I was told the poison in your soup would

kill you! Are you a spirit?" Then he commenced repeating softly to himself, "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform; He puts his foot upon the sea and rides upon the storm." He told Armstrong that his quotation was true and to remember it, for he should yet prove the application to his case, where they were all trying to destroy him, but that all the money in Woodland could not kill him or send him to any asylum. Armstrong sneeringly replied, "Money is powerful, and I know that it has hung innocent men here in California." The victim said, "Yes; but he was not going to the grave as a ransom for the crimes of others."

Frederick Cox is a native of England and has been a resident of Sacramento for a great number of years. He was now State Senator and a banker worth many millions. He possessed thousands of thousands of acres of land over which roamed lowing herds of cattle and neighing horses. His wealth alone gave him great prominence in the State. The victim had been his political supporter for years, the same as that of Postmaster Stephens, but now from the Senator's treatment and actions the victim suspected his loyalty, and to test the same, as he met the Senator on the afternoon of this day, he said: "Well, Senator, they haven't got me yet. I have qualified and I think I can stand them off and keep them from killing me at least." The Senator replied: "Well, they may get you yet; there is time enough." So, then, the Senator showed that he had gone into camp with the army and plead a guilty knowledge of the intended murder."

It was now nearly evening on the last day referred to, and in addition to the hyenas snapping at the heels of the intended corpse, Oscar Marshall was noticed as a

wistful beast thirsting for blood and boodle. He, like negro Linn, had succeeded in getting Lieut.-Gov. Dagget to appoint him porter of the Senate, and was a valuable acquisition to the gang, having come from the city of Stockton where he held a place that qualified him to do crime and hide the evidence of his guilt. The General's aids, rank and file of the combine were now assembled around the Capitol Hotel. The victim was there mingling in the midst of the throng, apparently unconcerned, yet watchful and trying to catch some word or act by which he could determine the next attempt to be made on the his life.

Now, just after dark this evening, the proprietor of this hotel, Mr. Blessing, could not be found in any of his usual places about the hotel, and the reason then assigned and subsequently confessed was that, inasmuch as he pretended to be the victim's friend, and knowing that he was to be murdered that night, and fearing that he might say something about so many thugs being about his hotel in his presence and in the presence of respectable strangers there, also about the intended murder, Blessing therefore to avoid such a compromising contingency kept out of the way.

Preparatory to the intended tragedy of the evening, Russ Stephens came about eleven o'clock and went directly into the Capitol Hotel where he and his wife boarded and roomed, and he took her on his arm and walked off toward J. Street. After this occurrence, the victim concluded to take his chances and get some other place to stay that night. For he now knew that he was to be spirited away from the Capitol Hotel that night and killed; hence, Stephens came and took his wife away so that she might not hear the life and death struggle or be a possible witness. Besides, for other

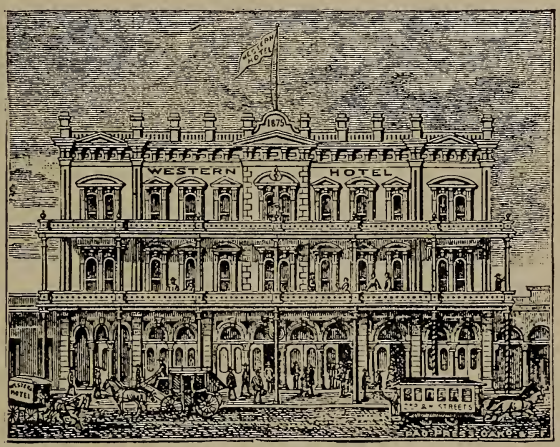
imaginable reasons, he did not want her there that night.

Peter Byrnes, Stephens' faithful secretary, was on duty to watch the victim and see that at all times he could be located. Now, about twelve o'clock Byrnes had received an invitation to get some free beer and went into the saloon on the opposite corner, and as the foolish dastard went through the saloon door he looked back to see that the intended corpse was in its proper place. The victim now immediately left the porch of the hotel where he had been sitting for a long time, and went a crooked, zigzag route to the Western Hotel, for the purpose of obtaining lodgings. He thought they would not find him there for one night at least, and if they did, it would so conflict with their Capitol Hotel plan that an attack on him could not be made that night. Upon entering the hotel, the victim saw four suspicious looking fellows hanging around the office counter talking to Felix Conroy, the night clerk. None of them had the apparent look and character of a bold, bloody bandit, who would take his life in his hands for money, but had the appearance of the sneak thief, cowardly kind of person, who would only murder a man when asleep or when they had the absolute drop on their victim.

They all sized up the new arrival and kept moving about suspiciously while he was registering and arranging for a room. One of them had a handkerchief over his right eye for the purpose of disguising himself. Just why he should disguise himself was never known to the victim, for he was a stranger to him. He was the most vicious-looking of the four.

He suspected they were there for the purpose of murdering him in case he came there to sleep, and

would probably make the attempt after he had gone to bed; but he had to sleep some place so he might as well take the chances, or there was a possibility of his being mistaken. Besides, he thought all the hotels he might go to would have thugs stationed at them as at this one. The question might be here asked, Why did he not inform the police? The true answer is that there was money enough seeking his life to buy the silence of nearly all the police in the city, and if he had applied to the police he would have been furnishing grounds for them to claim he was crazy, and that might endanger his office as enrolling clerk. So if the devil and the deep sea ever existed in a man's life time it was then existing in the victim's life.



WESTERN HOTEL.

The clerk assigned him room No. 170, and said that was the only vacant room, when there were twelve other good rooms unoccupied at that time. If you are ever

at the Western Hotel, go and look at this room, but go in the day time. It is a most convenient place to do a secret murder in. It is situate in the first story fronting on an alley in the extreme rear of the hotel. A few feet away and nearly opposite is a small wooden building in the rear of the Western Union Telegraph office. This building had a door and window looking toward room No. 170, and the windows were nearly opposite each other.

After the victim had been in his room a few minutes two persons came along and lighted a match and said something, not entirely understood, about 170. There was an open transom over the door, their idea was to get a perfect location of the room. In about half an hour he was lying on his left side with his eyes shut about half asleep.

Suddenly the room seemed light and he opened his eyes and there in the window of the little wooden building he saw the bandaged-eye thug manipulating a dark lantern so as to throw the rays on his face to see whether he was asleep or not; also to observe his position. The victim immediately jumped out of bed and the dark lantern was as quickly closed. The facts all taken together show that William Land, the proprietor of this hotel, who is from Fort Plain, N. Y., had a guilty knowledge of this intended murder, and presumably had agreed through Bugby, the Sacramento brigadier to share in what was left of Harlan's $10,000 murder fund.

When he was meandering back to the hotel office he was certainly innoculated with some very queer sensations about meeting some of the assassins there, and all the money in the State could not induce him to undergo such sensations again, if such were possible. Shortly

after he got back to the hotel office in came the dark lantern man with another of the thugs. They came from the hallway leading back to the place where they were seen with the lantern.

At about this point Assemblyman E. C. Mundy from Santa Rosa, Sonoma County, and J. H. Moffitt from Alameda County were passing on the sidewalk and the victim went out and told them in a brief way all that he had experienced at this hotel. He invited them in to the bar and had them take a look at the assassins and repeated the charge against these fellows to murder him in the presence of the night clerk, who then charged the victim with being crazy, and cited the article in the "Sacramento Bee" to prove it. One of the Assemblymen said, "Well, that article in the "Bee" is false, and we know that, but just what has been going on here I do not know.".

And about that time the Assemblymen retired and the victim went to the City Hotel between Third and Fourth streets on K There he met Pat Connelly, the owner and proprietor of the hotel, who furnished him with a good, safe room, where he slept until the next morning. Some time after he met Mr. Connelly and the whole murder story was explained to him, and he advised the victim to write the story up and put in book form and sell it.

On this morning, the victim went back to the Western Hotel and explained to A. W. Morris, the chief clerk, his experience at the hotel the night before. Mr. Morris begged him to say nothing more about it, as an exposure would do no good, and about this time the owner, Mr. Land, came up and caused his clerk to quit talking, thus impliedly admitting his own guilt.

The victim then went out on the street and met some

of the murder generals who looked sheepish and chagrined over the result of their device to murder the victim at the Capitol Hotel the night before, but the thugs were around as active as ever in trying to get a secret chance to murder.

Then the victim went to Hinkson's office and had a kind of mutual pumping match between them. After a while, Hinkson said, "Now, keep quiet and do not say anything to outsiders about this, and we will try to see if it can't be fixed up without any more publicity." He knew that Hinkson's real desire was to keep the evidence and facts in the breasts of the victim's enemies; then, if they failed in killing him the world could not be made to believe there was anything to the alleged conspiracy.

But the victim acted right to the contrary of his late adviser in the person of his false friend Hinkson, and went right across J. Street to R. F. Redman's store at 310 and there informed him in an hour's talk of the whole affair, so that he would be able to prove in a degree the correctness of the story; and from there he went to William McLaughlin's and related to him the history of this secret war, and said to him, "You are acquainted with these fellows at the Capitol Hotel, and are on the inside; now go there and enquire about this conspiracy to murder me and you will find what I say is true, and that the Capitol Hotel fellows are helping them simply because the money is on that side." The next time the victim met McLaughlin he said all that the victim had said was true and more, and advised the victim to keep out of the alleys and off the dark streets and he would beat them sure.

On the 23d inst, the victim borrowed $20.00 from a money broker on the strength of his salary and bought

a Smith & Wesson self-cocking 38 calibre pistol, which he has yet, and its only truth to say that he then in a way felt as bold as a wild lion in a jungle and they knew it; for they knew him and that he had the pistol, for he had been watched in its purchase by Nick White, a writer on the "Record Union."

This evening the city was sentinelled as usual, and there were about eighteen known thugs trying to get a secret drive at him. Now, as it was getting along in the evening, he began to think of a place to sleep and was not particular so that he had a room fronting on the street, for he was satisfied that he could kill four or five of them before they could break into his room and perhaps the shooting might call some one to the scene. He slipped away from the watchers at the Capitol Hotel without being noticed, but soon made his way to the Russ House on J. Street. This was a new hotel, not extensively patronized, and he thought he could hide there for one night at least without being found; but not so, they were looking and guarding everywhere. He met the cigarette fiend from Woodland on the street nearly opposite this house. He was on sentinel duty and tried to hide his face as the victim spotted him. At the Russ House was Felix Dunn, deputy State Comptroller, with whom the victim was quite well acquainted. The murder gang being opposed to his brother, who was then State Comptroller, the victim called him aside and told him what was going on in the murder line. Mr. Dunn said, "Don't be afraid, Sullivan, they dare not harm you unless they catch a sure shot, and this I don't believe you will let them do." He replied, "I am not afraid of them now. I only told you so that when this secret war is over they can't lie out of it."

He occupied room No. 6, which had a window opening on the side of the house, while directly opposite was room No. 9 with transoms over the doors. Shortly after he had barricaded the door with the furniture, he lay down on the floor behind it and then the cigarette fiend made his appearance in No. 9, lighted the gas, and in a short time extinguished it. About two o'clock the victim heard the footsteps of five or six persons in the hall. They came to his door and tried to open it gently, but they found it barred. At about this time, the gas in No. 9 was relighted and they all went into that room and there held a whispered conversation.

In the meantime, the victim had raised the window of his room and had his pistol in one hand and his police whistle in the other, and as the thugs came back and tried to get into this room he thought discretion the better part of valor and instead of beginning to shoot through the door at them, he blew the whistle out of the window, when they all ran pell mell down two flights of stairs and out into the street, and thus ended the contemplated murder for that night, and the victim lay down and had a good and much needed sleep.

Another wife episode occurred after Stephens took his wife from the Capitol Hotel, in this way: Col. James Ayers was the State Printer. His office was of course political and was procured through the contingency now after the victim's life. The victim was not previously acquainted with the printer; nevertheless, the typo came to him and affected great sympathy for him, and talked as though he were fully posted on all the plots and plans against the victim. He earnestly requested the victim to go out to this home that night and sleep all night, stating that his wife was not at home, she being the whole family aside from the generous printer, who

was then shedding a great quantity of crocodile tears over the misfortunes of the poor victim. The deceit was so apparent and the intention so certain that the victim simply heard him present his plot of destruction without even condescending to make him any reply, unless it was grinning detection at him. The gallant Colonel never spoke to the victim after this time, though they used to meet nearly every day of the session.

The same James Meredith that was mentioned at Folson as the special friend of Bugby was now comparatively dead broke and living at Sacramento City, and had some kind of interest in a drug store at the corner of Second and K. Streets. Now, about the 24th of July the victim was at this drug store and told Mr. Meredith about this combination trying to kill him, and of his desire to find some safe place to sleep at night. He told him that he had a large home on M Street, that he would see his wife about it, and for the victim to come around the next evening and he would let him know.

The next evening the victim went to the store, and Mr. Meredith said yes, that it was all fixed; that they would go down and look at the room; that his two larger children had gone to Folson that morning and the young ones were in bed. This clearing the home of children was significant and from that instant the victim would not sleep there, though he thought he would go to see how far they would go or what might develop. They went into a cigar store on Second Street adjoining the saloon into which Wallace from Woodland had gone on July 20th. Mr. Meredith called for twenty-five cent cigars. The victim noted this as extravagant for a man broke, who wanted to take in roomers, and from that moment was perfectly well satisfied that he had

seen Bugby and was making a play for boodle, and of course did not care for half a dollar.

As they walked out, there in front of the saloon stood two thugs that had previously been watching to get a secret drop on him, and Meredith slightly motioned his head to the right at the Mexican thug in middle life. They went off toward the house of Meredith and the victim looked back after a little and saw the two thugs following. In due time they arrived at the house and were very nicely received by Mrs. Meredith.

After a while she showed the victim the room he was expected to occupy, which was on the ground floor in the rear of the house with front and back entrance. It was a twin to the murder room No. 170 at the Western Hotel. They returned to the sitting room, where Mrs. Meredith by her superior mind entertained him and very graciously showed him many of the pretty things in the room, making herself extra agreeable. After he had gleaned all the points from this field of his ruin, he assumed great regret in not being desirous of taking the room.

Upon this announcement, the scowls, frowns and wrinkles that instantly showed themselves upon her face can only be known by the imagination, for there is no pen that can describe her looks. It is truth to say that she looked like one suffering under some great, secret calamity, or like one having been seriously disappointed by not receiving some great and needed gain. There were great, deep furrows that inniated in the centre of her forehead and plowed themselves in a circular form around over her eyes until they were lost on the sides of her head. Her lips were firmly set with the corners of her mouth drawn down. Her eyes were glaring with wild, disappointed stare, first looking up and then down,

while Meredith seemed to cower and sink into insignificance. His face became intensely red, and great drops of sweat trying to oozé out were wiped off with his hand. It was fully four minutes after he told them he would not occupy their room that night before a word was spoken by any of them, then he arose and helped himself to his hat that had been so gracefully cared for by Mrs. Meredith when he entered, and while they were still spellbound and mutely sitting in their seats, he respectfully bade them "Good night," leaving them to the awful contemplation of their own sins, etc., etc.

He had gone only a few steps on the sidewalk when he saw the old Mexican ahead of him, who went to the outside of the walk and looked out into the street as the victim passed. Shortly after the killers had been disbanded, he met the old Mexican who had on a new pair of brogans and he said, "You didn't get me at Meredith's that night, did you." He said, "No." He then asked the Mexican how much he got out of them. The Mexican said, "Nothing but these shoes, some beer and tobacco."

After the war was over and the victim was about coming East, he met Meredith and had a talk with him, and he substantially admitted the whole story as here told about him, but like the other assassins justified himself for the reason that since the victim was to be killed sure, he might as well have some of the money.

We now pass over several minor tragedical episodes that occurred and come to Capt. I. G. Mesick, Sergeant-at-arms of the Senate, who held his position through that faction of the Democratic party that was persecuting the victim. The flames of vengeance and destruction were now raging against him. So this valiant captain thought he must help the thing along and keep himself

solid with the gang, and to that end he planned a little, weak, puerile plot, which was sought to be worked by the captain's ordering the Enrolling Clerk away from a vacant desk in the open Senate chamber and directing him to a lone room where it was said by the captain that the clerk might have his office.

The victim knew from the general situation, and from what he had overhead the captain say about him, that this was a little plot of the captain to get him into a room where he could be killed, and he plainly told him so and refused to go. The plot failed, but the victim dared not say much openly about any of these plots, because they would furnish grounds to institute insanity proceedings against him, and he would then lose his office, for the kettle was boiling hot at this time.

The grand army of assassins were now outgeneraled and their defeat assured providing the victim could procure a safe place to sleep; so this day he went to the Hotel Windsor and had room No. 140 assigned to him for three days, and as he was turning away from the counter after registering, he noticed one of the thugs peering in at him from the sidewalk. He knew that he was detected notwithstanding he had registered under an assumed name at a strange hotel. He must now find another place to sleep or be destroyed. In the meantime, they had procured a large trunk from the corner of Sixth and K streets and taken it to a place on Eighth Street at easy distance from the Windsor, to hold his remains akin to the Maxwell murder of St. Louis then rampant in the papers. Disease is catching, you know; and about bed-time he gave the watch-dogs at the Capitol Hotel the slip and wended his way to Mrs. Castorf's lodging house on the corner of Third and K streets, where he obtained a room and had a good

sleep all night. Before retiring he told the landlady about this gang so that she might not get frightened if she heard a little shooting.

Upon arriving at the corner on which this lodging house is situated, he noticed two of the thugs there on the watch. So instead of going directly upstairs to the house, he went into the saloon of J. D. Considine underneath and from there went up the back way. But before he went up he explained to Considine all about this killing match, and how Postmaster Stephens had treated him. Considine was one of the political pillars upon which Stephens rested, and he derided Stephens for his base ingratitude. But the next day, when seen, Considine seemed to be averse to talking much, so the victim slipped in the question, "Have you seen Stephens today?" He answered first, "Yes," then meditated and said, "No." This was enough for a man up a tree with all trying to get a shot at him. Considine after the war admitted that he knew that they were trying to kill the victim with Harlan's money, and that he decided to keep out of both sides. He is not a bad fellow and had no criminal intent himself.

The second night that he stayed at Mrs. Castorf's the thugs had found out his sleeping quarters, so he had about the same experience with them as at the Russ house with the difference that he had no chance to blow the whistle so as to arouse the people on the street, and the thugs did not give up their attempts so quickly; besides their tactics here were to try the door and aggravate the victim out into the hall where they might get a pop at him, but after about an hour they went away and he had plenty of sleep after that.

The next close shave for his life was like this: he was passing a lumber yard away up on Twelfth Street, near

J Street, about half past eight o'clock in the evening. It was so far away from the general rendezvous of the assassins that he had not prepared for, or been thinking of any danger, when from the lumber yard, pop, pop, went two gun shots, one of them cutting a hole in the lapel of his coat near the waist. He immediately turned and looked toward the place whence the shots came, and he saw two fellows running who turned behind a pile of lumber, and the victim lost no time in making himself scarce in that part of the city. He could prove nothing about this except the fact of the hole in his coat, and they would say he made it himself, so he simply said nothing about it, but kept good watch against attacks in the future.

It would take a book five times the size of this to give the details of all the plots and plans of this conspiracy, so the line has to be drawn on some of the prominent ones, that can in a measure be authenticated by persons other than the thugs and the victim. He again went to Henry L. Buckley, district attorney of Sacramento County, and gave him a general outline of the whole affair, and after consultation it was decided not to have any of them arrested until further direct evidence was procured. So here was another person who knew some thing of this war at the time it was raging.

It was now the 27th of July, 1886, and Mr. Blessing, the proprietor of this Capitol Hotel is sitting in a chair deeply engrossed in reading matter written on legal cap paper. The victim by accident came up behind him without making any noise. Mr. Blessing continued to read and the victim looked over and saw his own name, Jezebel's, Nora Cameron's, Katie Ball's, and also that of Vic Harlan's in the papers which he read. Mr. Blessing read for quite a long time before he noticed

the victim. When he did notice him, he immediately rolled up the legal cap paper, arose and went away. But it was too late; the discovery had been made and the true situation arrived at.

The reason for Harlan's son-in-law's attack on him with assassins at Woodland and elsewhere was soon solved by him. He now recalled how Jezebel had lied and taunted him by saying that he had slandered Vic Harlan, and how she said that her mother, Mrs. Bentley, Nora Cameron, Ball's niece, Ball's daughter Katie, and others would swear that he had slandered this young woman (whom up to that time he had never seen.) He remembered how these persons came to his house and tried to get him to talk about young Craft, and Miss Harlan, etc. Also, how he had heard persons in the hall at night, and Jezebel would try to aggravate him to talk about this Harlan tragedy.

He considered the unrelenting, vicious attacks made on his life, which he knew were induced by the sure, strong power of money, and that it took big money to run such a secret war and pay all the officers and thugs, and his mind was now made up that Harlan was the man putting up the murder money. The victim therefore lost no time in making his affidavit in duplicate, addressed to Harlan, which showed that he was trying to murder the victim with hired thugs for an alleged slander of his daughter, which was false, and that he was deceived by the use of false affidavits into believing this falsehood, while the truth was, his once alleged but false friends were using him and his money to murder the victim to cover up the evidence of their own crimes and immorality, and that if his affidavit was accepted in good faith by him he would know it by the fact of the assassins ceasing their hunt to kill him.

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After this affidavit was made, he read it to Hinkson, and in about an hour after it was deposited in the post-office, he saw Hinkson and Clay W. Taylor going up the stairway leading to Brigadier Bugby's office, and that evening there was not an assassin to be seen. So he knew the affidavit had taken effect and produced the long desired result.

After this affidavit, the Brigadier and his aids knew that the source of their power was known, and they feared exposure, especially if the victim was killed and the copy of the affidavit he had kept was found. Also, that if he was killed and the decent people of Woodland got hold of this affidavit, showing Harlan's part in the murder conspiracy, his chances for conviction on his second trial would be greatly increased. So for these reasons and others as cogent, the assassins were called off.

The true theory about this Harlan affidavit is that as soon as Hinkson got an opportunity to inform Post-master Stephens that it was to be mailed to Harlan, he did so, and as soon as it was mailed Stephens took it to the Brigadier's office where the consultation over it was had and the conclusion reached as pointed out. Now, Senator Taylor undoubtedly thought that as soon as the Harlan thugs had been disbanded and the murder money taken down, the war would be over. Being desirous of retaining the victim's friendship, the Senator thought all he had to do was to tell him of his narrow escape.

The next morning after he had mailed the affidavit to Harlan, he went into the State Capitol and there the Senator called the victim aside and said, "Sullivan, you have avoided a great calamity. You have escaped being killed. Why did you not leave the country?" And

thus the would-be governor plead the guilt of the bunch of conspirators. He also impliedly told the victim something which he did not know before, which was that they thought he would be frightened and leave the country. Before this time, the victim had applied to him to stop the persecution and the great Solon would not listen. Another fact, worthy of note, is the single affidavit of truth counteracted the great number of affidavits made by sirens and libertines, and truth crushed to earth had arisen.

The strictly political and immoral part of this conspiracy did not disband, notwithstanding they lost the help of Harlan and his money, for they well knew that the victim must be killed or their exposure would follow sooner or later. So they made a new plan which was worked out in this way.

Jezebel now came to Sacramento City and hunted up the victim. He let her have full swing with her designs to find them out, and then beat them as he knew he could; so she through John Tackney, a friend of Ball's found a real nice room on Tenth Street to sleep in, she was so very solicitous that he should have rest, and it was all talked up, agreed upon and engaged. He was to sleep there that night. After everything was so thoughtfully and nicely arranged for his nightly repose, she suddenly found that she must go back to Woodland that evening, and late that evening she went out into the country and stayed all night. Her confederates had her do this, so that when the news of his murder arrived at Woodland, she and her pals would be several miles apart, and that would make it easier for them to allay any suspicions against them; also, there would then be more time in which to consider the best way for her to act so as to deceive the honest and decent people there.

Well, it so happened that the victim stayed at this house until after dark, and this same Hogland came sneaking around the house, and when the victim thought it most desirable he slipped away and obtained a bed at the same Mrs. Castorf's, and thus the murder plan was made and defeated.

Another little circumstance considered worthy of mention is, that the victim had after the last escapade been hiding and sleeping nights at the water cure, one block below the Capitol Hotel and they had not been able to find him out. So one morning as he came down from his rooms the landlady, whom he had never seen but once, accosted him just as he was leaving and asked him to go to her class, whatever that meant. He knew all this was so unnatural that it meant something affecting him, and if so, it must be his life that was so secretly and strenously sought.

He soon found out, for as he opened the door there on the opposite corner stood Senator Cox watching for some one, and as soon as he espied the victim, he turned around, humped up his shoulders, bent forward the upper part of his body, and in a hurried, sneaking kind of manner went toward the Sacramento river. The victim hurried after, and caught up with him and said, "Senator, they have not knocked me out of exist ence yet, have they?" He said, "No; neither have they knocked the Supreme Court out," thus evasively parrying the subject.

The true theory is, Senator Cox had asked this lady about the victim by description and for her to detain him when he came down stairs; and by previous signs and help, he would get in position to watch to see if it really was he when he came out of the house, and then the remaining contingent of the band would know

for certain his sleeping quarters and could make killing arrangements accordingly. The victim would never suspect him of doing such a low, dirty act. What a villainous wretch a man must be to use the power his millions gave him to spy out the sleeping apartments of his friend that he might be sneaked upon and killed in bed.

His hiding place having been detected by Senator Cox, he must now find a new place or be killed. So he strolled about the city and finally selected as the most secretive and least suspected by his enemies a little, two story frame house on L Street, the castle of Mr. John O'Brien. The room assigned him had a window opening onto a woodshed by the side of which stood a sycamore tree. He slept there that night undisturbed and in the morning had breakfast with his new hostess. While eating, he asked her if she had seen or heard any person about the house the night before. She said, "that she had not, but that just after he had gone to bed she went out to the grocery and she noticed a large man pacing back and forth by the house and looking toward it. He was also very impudent, for he looked right into the very eyes of her." She then described this man very minutely, which description showed him to be no other than Hogland.

The victim then told her how this fellow and others had been trying to get a chance to secretly kill him. During the whole of this day he could not help but believe that some of the combine would go to Mrs. O'Brien and cause her by the allurements of money to betray his hiding place. So to detect such contingency he went there to supper, and her actions being so much different from those of the night before, and her many lies about her husband's business, and in fact and short

it being so evident to the victim that some great change of heart and mind had taken place, he concluded it very unsafe to stay there and take the chances in getting away safe by sliding down the sycamore tree, as she suggested.

There can be no doubt but that she had been bribed to let Hogland into the room to kill the victim. Yet, not being a criminal at heart and only temporarily made so by a few dollars, she felt conscience-stricken and thus unconsciously suggested the manner of escape by which she in a way pleaded her guilt.

That night the victim obtained lodging with a slight acquaintance of his, Thomas O'Brien, on J Street, where he had a good sleep and breakfast in the morning. In the meantime, the whole subject of this conspiracy was briefly gone over, and Mr. O'Brien promised all kinds of aid and assistance and that the victim's room should remain an absolute secret from the enemy.

But the victim began to analyze the situation to himself about like this: Here is O'Brien, an apparent and professed friend and likewise a friend of Postmaster Stephens, and must necessarily be a greater friend of his than of the victim, for the reason that his greater interest laid there, because of the fact that Stephens had appointed his son to a position in the postoffice. Should Stephens or any of the combine meet O'Brien and enquire about the victim, the victim's new hiding-place would be entirely disclosed; and thus the victim worked in solving the situation until he traced Mr. Blessing of the Capitol Hotel going up J Street, until he was lost by going into O'Brien's house. This settled the fact.

Blessing had in some way been informed of the victim's hiding place of the night before, and had now

gone in there for some reason that would help the destruction plan along. When the victim went to O'Brien's that night he found him half drunk and very reticent. Not a word could be gotten out of him, though his inebriate state was just at that point when an Irishman is always talkative.

Now, we all know that an Irishman is a great person to drink when death or danger is at hand, and O'Brien's condition was only true to this characteristic, as the victim then well knew. Notwithstanding his conclusion about O'Brien and the general situation, he was satisfied that he could safely sleep there that night for the reason that the apartments were not easy of access by assassins; besides, there were children in the house, and in case of murder they would be a bad class of witnesses for the combine, as they usually tell the truth; also, for the further reason that he had that day again informed District Attorney Buckley of the entire situation, the O'Brien house and all.

They in all probability had not yet formulated a plan of direct attack as Hogland was the only known assassin in active blood service, and he was a coward; so he concluded that inasmuch as he ate there that morning they would likely try the poison racket on him.

The next morning his breakfast was prepared for him the same as the morning before with this difference: the preceding morning the coffee was made and served from a tin coffee pot, this morning the coffee prepared for him was made in and served from a two quart tin bucket. There was a teaspoon quite close to his coffee which had a drop of liquid in it. He took the spoon up and smelled it, and thereby found that the spoon and fluid smelled of some kind of drug; so it is perhaps useless to say, he drank none of the coffee there that

morning, nor ever after. This is as close as they came to poisoning him, and as close as he wanted them to come.

It was now evident that in order to preserve his life he must keep away from O'Brien's house, for if he could not be secretly poisoned there he would be killed outright. His next hiding place was obtained at Mrs. Hennessey's lodging house on J Street near Seventh Street. It was a large brick house with an approach from the rear as well as the front.

The occupants were all respectable mechanics and railroad employees, and total strangers to the victim, so by not giving his correct name he had a right to assume that he was reasonably safe here, which he was. His hiding place could not now be discovered by the combine and he slept here for several nights without detection.

At last the combine became desperate and they sent Jezebel over from Woodland to spy him out. Now, the fact that a woman would come twenty eight miles to spy out the sleeping apartments of any man under any circumstances, and especially the ones here so that he might be found and killed, is perfectly appalling, and especially is this so, when the only reason for such killing was to hide their own sins; nevertheless, it is all true.

Now the question might be asked, Why the victim did not refuse to countenance this woman any longer, and not allow her to come around him? Such is a very reasonable question, and the answer to it would require great space. Suffice it to say, the die had long since been cast. She was a murderess, which he now knew, and she had then been for a long time trying to have him killed in secret; she and they would continue their

plotting like a drowning man as long as there was a straw to grasp at. He knew that he could defeat them, and one of the best ways to do so was to fight them as they did him, with duplicity, and extend and broaden the battle and get it into as many mouths, and have it known to as many people, as possible.

Then when he wrote it up, it would authenticate itself and be of so broad, wonderful and almost miraculous a nature that the sale of the story in book form would be assured and extensive, and in this way instead of his being killed, they would be the ones killed, and yet thereby benefitted; for they would then be estopped from doing like crime again, and they might possibly repent and be thereby benefitted more than the value of the whole world.

After Jezebel had found out his hiding place, and informed the Sacramento contingent of the same, she went back to Woodland to await the results of the newly made plot, while he went about avoiding such a plot by finding a new place of refuge, which was obtained in a front room in the third story of the Ebner Hotel on K Street. Here was the most secure and safest place he had yet found and after the door was barred by the furniture, it was a regular fort.

He slept in this room for the remainder of the legislative session, though he took only one meal there, for the very next day he saw this fellow Hogland talking to one of the waiters, and that was enough. He wanted no more of the symptoms that he had experienced at the Capitol Hotel and one other place after Judge Armstrong's Dr. Snyder was called in to prescribe for him.

He knew about what a poor waiter and the officers would do in secret for a little money. He had practic-

ally experienced the result of their actions in such cases, and desired no further evidence on this point, so he simply gave them no chance to poison him, but took his meals irregularly around the city, first in one place and then in another, at the various restaurants and hotels in the city.

This Robert Sears, who ran across the street the day Spaulding and his killers attacked the victim, was now rooming at the "White House" on Third Street, and the victim having had some little talk with him on the streets, now went to his rooms and there they had a general conversation about this conspiracy, and it was at this time, as well as later, that Sears told the victim all about the attempt to kill him the day Gas Hunt was on the street with his horse and buggy to run the assassins off. And at this time Mr. Sears told the victim about often seeing Jezebel with Ball, and also at different times with Craige and Fiske in John Powers' Oyster Cafe away past the middle of the night, lunching together, and also of seeing them together in the hall over the Bank of Woodland, while the victim was enrolling clerk at Sacramento and before that time, as well as in this beautiful court house park.

Every attempt thus far to assassinate him having proved a failure, an effort was next made in that direction under the following conditions and plans. The victim was attorney in a Justice Court law suit then pending at Madison, about twelve miles from Woodland in Yolo County. If he could be induced to go out there and try this action, no doubt he could be secretly disposed of there where John D. Stephens had so many relatives and so many business interests. The suit could be prolonged and the victim could be clandestinely murdered at night when coming home. So to carry

out such calculation, Jezebel wrote him about the matter and tried to get him there where there was a $20.00 fee; but he was not looking for that kind of a twenty dollar snap just then, and did not go, so the whole scheme died before maturity.

The active operations of the combination were on the wane with only one active killer in the scene at Sacramento; and so the end now beginning to appear in sight and the victim feeling the necessity of some more direct convicting evidence against some of the first originators of this conspiracy, thought he would quietly go to Woodland, and see what he could do toward obtaining such information. So he boarded the six o'clock evening train bound for Woodland and going over he rode on the platform to evade being seen by any person, who might possibly give his presence away to the combine.

He departed from the rear end of the last car on the side opposite the depot, and succeeded in getting from that place up a back stairway to the room Mr. Hunt had on the opposite side of the hall to his own flat. He climbed into this room through a back window entirely unobserved, and was then in a perfect position to watch any developments that might occur, such as Mr. Sears had recently informed him about in regard to Jezebel, Ball, etc.

There was a transom over the door in Mr. Hunt's room, leading into the hall, and the victim by standing on a small table which was in the room, had a good view of the hall and part of his own flat. In a very short time, J. C. Ball came up the stairs and went into his office. Presently he came out into the hall and went to the hall door leading to the flat where Jezebel was. The victim was on the table taking observations. She said, "Why good evening, Mr. Ball. I want to

show you a letter from Mr. Sullivan. Ball entered the room and she handed him a letter which he read and then said, "He is getting smart, isn't he; but he won't always be here to talk about our adultery; we'll get him yet."

Here was the direct, incriminating evidence showing both their adultery and determination to yet kill him, and the power that prevented him from firing at them over the transom and killing them both where they stood has ever since served as a great source of meditation for him. Mr. Hunt's door was locked and he could not get to the place where they were without going a very roundabout way the same as he came into the room, and by doing that he might miss some other incriminating remark and he wanted to catch all he could, so he simply remained where he was.

But he failed to hear anything definite as they moved to another part of the room and conversed in a lower tone for a little while, and then the base libertine and would-be murderer retired, conscious of his chivalric spirit and many victories in ruining women and breaking up homes. Perhaps he thought of the disruption of the Shellhouse family some twenty years before in Placer County, of the forged letter that was to send Shellhouse to State's Prison, and of his own indictment for perjury out of which he slipped through a back door technicality through the legal acumen of his friend Judge Armstrong.

When the victim went into the flat that night, Jezebel at first denied of having seen Ball at all; then verbal shot began to get hot and she capitulated and admitted everything that she did and he said. But the next day after she had received an opportunity to see the beast, she denied that he had said, "We'll get him

yet." At first she did not realize that these words plead the guilt of both of them in having tried and intending to try still further to murder him; but under Ball's instructions she denied these words.

Ball was not exactly a fool so he now knew the direct evidence was in the breast of the victim showing him to be a libertine and a would-be murderer. Now he must as a matter of protection kill the victim, or suffer exposure, which, in a sense, was to him as undesirable as death. Therefore, the tried and true of the killers conceived another plot, which is briefly told here.

The victim being conscious through reasoning from the facts already known that they would now try again to kill him, and also being confident that they could not do it, and he desiring to add some more infamy to them, if possible, and possibly get some more direct evidence against them, used Jezebel for this purpose. He told her that when he went back to Sacramento he was going to change his room and sleep in the Clunie Building on the corner of Eighth and K streets where his trunk was. So they believed this and made their plans accordingly; and to carry out the details of the general plot Ball who was now more desirous than any of them, went over to Sacramento on the same train the victim did.

He first went to the Capitol Hotel and made some observations, and then went over to the law offices of Armstrong & Hinkson. The judge was reported by Hinkson to be indisposed and would not be at his office that day. By this time, the victim knew that Ball had gone to the judge's home, and was then certain that the sick business of the judge reported at his office was only a play for him to keep away so that the victim could not interview him and thereby possibly get any evidence

against him that day, and also to help his friend, Ball, arrange the details of the killing plot for the coming night.

The victim was now drowsy and tired and lay down on a sofa in Hinkson's office, and in a short time he noticed that his false friend was unusually nervous and not at all comfortable in his chair and one did not seem to fit the other. He would writhe and coil in it like the coiling and uncoiling of a little black viper. He would drop his head in his right hand and apparently meditate. After a while he arose from his chair and remarked as he left, "I'll be back in a few minutes. You stay here and keep office until I return."

In a short time Mr Hinkson returned and soon thereafter an insurance agent came in, and they commenced to talk about the general advantage and humanity there was in a man's insuring his life for his friends, and even for himself in case he desired to borrow money on the policy; and it was repeated over and over by them that a ten dollar premium would secure a two thousand dollar policy in the company they were discussing. After the farce had proceeded for sometime, and the victim did not bite the bait, though they had taken many furtive glances toward him, they thought it advisable to drop the curtain on that part of the play, and pretend the viper had decided to secure his family to the extent of a two thousand dollar policy; so a receipt for the ten dollar premium and the money passed between them and after the reptile had made a pretense of examining this receipt the entire pretense was over.

The deceit and duplicity of the incarnate villains imparted a mingled feeling of laughter and contemptuous horror to the victim. Their silly device was amusing, while their malignant and abandoned hearts, showing

through this gauzy plot, filled the victim with a righteous horror. If the insurance plan had carried and the contemplated murder followed, these fellows would have gotten the whole sum of money and conspirator Jezebel would have been left.

After the play of the insurance farce, he went over to the Clunie building and examined his trunk and found it all right, but the real object in going over there was to cause them to believe he was going to sleep there that night as he had informed Jezebel before leaving Woodland; so that they would be sure to arrange their plot and attempt to execute it there that night, because he was sure of another murder scheme being organized as stated, and he believed it would be easier to outgeneral them at this place than any other, and after being defeated again they might possibly have sense enough to quit.

In the afternoon, he went again to Hinkson's office, and this same Oscar Marshall from Stockton was there. Presently he and Hinkson arose and went into Judge Armstrong's office, the adjoining room. There they were with Hinkson's back toward the victim, while Marshall was facing him with his hand in his pocket as if ready to draw and shoot, but at this point Hinkson shook his head thereby denoting not to shoot, knowing that it would be too hazardous there with the victim heeled, besides they would get him that night at the Clunie Building; so fear for their own lives and fool calculations on getting him, which meant shooting him that night, saved a shooting escapade.

To serve his own purpose in making them believe he would sleep at the Clunie building that night, he went over there again that afternoon and found Mrs. Grice, the landlady, was going over to Woodland that evening to be gone all night. He mused to himself and said,

"This is significant; she is getting away from the scene of the intended killing tonight."

Another significant fact was that a man and woman who had occupied a room for a long time next to his were then moving out. Perhaps these last two facts standing alone would not be portentious of any evil, but taken in connection with the attempts to kill already made they meant a kind of clearing of the deck for the fight on the coming evening. He now went over to the Capitol Hotel, and there hanging around were many of the known thugs and conspirators who were looking murderous and newly determined, so that, unless he was actually crazy, according to the affidavit of the perjured district attorney of Yolo County, or a fool, he must certainly know that they were again planning and intending to kill him.

At the Capitol Hotel there was a new enlistment of thugs on watch, which, he understood, was there so as to allay and disipate any suspicions he might have. Now about nine o'clock that evening he went to his room so as to make what observations he could of the impending battle, and as he approached the building, there were noticed some young men lounging on the sidewalk in front of the stairs, and as he reached the foot of the stairs going up, three of the fellows started up ahead of him and went into room No. 9, from which the man and woman had just moved and there was no furniture at all in the room.

He went into his room and waited for a long time, and not a sound had been made in the adjoining room where the three villains had entered. This thug room and the victim's were connected by a door with a transom over it, and had he laid down and gone to bed, it would have been an easy matter to have chloroformed

him over the transom and then gone in and killed him in such a way as to show suicide; or, the thugs could have broken down this door, and perhaps by their number dispatched him.

Then one Hudnut, a great "I Am" of a detective, who had a room just across the hall and who was in with these killers, would have come in as a witness; also, for a slice of the money pie. Mrs. Grice was at Woodland the night of the tragedy, Judge Armstrong would have been at home sick, visited by his old friend Ball, who had come over to buy some lumber that day, and Jezebel again out in the country the night of this killing —how wonderfully fine and nice the matter was planned to have the conspirators all in such position. Away from the scene, and at such distance, they could have further time in which to determine how to act after the homicide.

Now our victim understood the situation then just as well as now, and to beat them he simply went out into the hall and then back to the rear of the building, where there were stairs leading down to the street, and skipped away to the Ebner Hotel and stayed all night in safety and had a good, sound sleep.

The next morning after Ball had skulked from the city, Judge Armstrong showed up at his office as hale and hearty as ever nature designed he should be, with no indisposition except that of being interviewed by the victim. The victim afterwards told Jezebel all about the facts of this plot much more minutely than here detailed.

He now wanted all the conspirators to know that he was posted on nearly all their movements and who they all were, and he knew that telling her was the same as telling them, and even better. Besides he told her that

Armstrong's great interest in aiding Ball was because he was going to loan him a thousand dollars to make his canvass, if he received the nomination for Supreme Judge.

The victim knew all these conspirators for years; he knew just how their interests dovetailed together, and thereby he was able to spot them and know just how they would act. They had been his friends in former times, but now their greater interests were on the other side, and there they acted even unto attempted murder, but in such a way as to try to hide their tracks, the same as any other criminals.

Up to this time the conspirators had been detected and thwarted in every plan and plot they could make, and none of them could be worked out with the results they desired. They could not assassinate the lone crazy man from Yolo, and they must either find some one with fiendish courage enough to try to kill him in open combat, or give up, and try to lie out of the whole matter. To find one with sufficient brute courage to undertake the open killing had been tried by some of the most desperate murderers and desperate criminals on the Coast and they had all weakened or been outgeneralled. So their hope in that direction was most discouraging, and they would have to try some other expedient, for the present at least.

At last the fertlie brain of Generalissimo conceived a plan of getting him ousted from his clerkship and as they had him broke aside from that, he would soon be boycotted without money, and then they could perhaps destroy him in some way. To put this scheme into operation they had Senator Dave McClure from San Francisco to introduce the following verbatim resolution:

"Resolved, that the office of Enrolling Clerk be declared vacant."

Now here was a resolution, without a preamble, a reason, or a whereas given to show its necessity, introduced by a Senator who voted for the incumbent of the office, and now seeks to arbitrarily depose him without giving any reason therefor.

What had caused this great Senator now to desire this particular office declared vacant without assigning any reason for it? Is the reason found in the inference that may be drawn from the fact that every reading man and woman in the United States circumstantially knows that some members in every legislative body often sell their influence, power, or votes for some material substance, or promise of future reward.

The resolution took its regular course under the rules of the Senate and was referred to the committee, of which Senator Lynch from San Francisco was chairman, and there it remained until a committee from the Woodland conspiracy came over and saw the committee and other senators.

Then the resolution was star chambered through the committee, and the enrolling clerk unlawfully deprived of a hearing thereon, and the resolution reported back with a recommendation for passage. But they wait until they calculate they have a majority present to pass it and then a viva voce vote was taken on it so that there might not be a record of how the senators voted on this infamous and unlawful resolution, and nine out of twenty-three senators present voted in favor of the passage of the resolution. In other words, nine senators of the State of California voted to have their enrolling clerk placed in a position to be secretly murdered; and

Senators Lynch, Taylor and Cox made three of the nine who voted in favor of this resolution.

If there is an artist in the world who could portray the looks and attitude of these murderous senators at the time of the defeat of this resolution, he would have one of the truest illustrations of depraved, defeated, and devilish manhood that ever disgraced the high office of senator. They seemed to shrivel and shrink up like so many dried shrimps in a Chinese huckster shop. Their faces contracted and wrinkled up like an old raw hide. They looked the synonyms of the worst lot of self-convicted libertines that ever went unhung.

There is always some motive that prompts every human action, and where was the motive, real or imaginary, that prompted these senators to see so suddenly that it was in consonance with their sworn duty, and so strictly in obedience to their oaths of office that they must summarily depose the Enrolling Clerk of the Senate; contrary to the Statute law of the State, and without giving him any chance to be heard, or assigning any reason for their action?

If it was an inordinate greed for money, would it not have been more honorable for them to have taken their gun and their lives in their hands and gone upon the road as highwaymen? And would not the State have been less disgraced if they had done this than for them to have used their position and high place as senators to cause the murder of their own officer as they tried to do? Is not the whole State compromised, blighted, and undignified by these political highbinders? Is it not a travesty upon the civilization of America to have such a crime shown, in such peaceful times, by the law-making power of the people? But these facts only show

the character of civilization there is among the practical politicians of California.

Can the crime of murder, sought to be accomplished by a body of State senators acting in their official capacity, be overlooked, frowned down, laughed or ridiculed out of consideration by civilized people? Is not any state in the Union in a measure affected by this disgrace of the law making power of a state trying to murder a man? But the mere statement of the facts is argument sufficient, and ought to arouse the people to a lively interest as to what is going on in a secret way in this God given country of ours.

About the time the Senate failed to have the victim killed, the two great political parties had made their calls for State conventions, and these Solons were anxious to adjourn for a few days to attend to the necessary political machine work; but being unable to agree among themselves, Governor Stoneman prorogued the legislature for two weeks so as to give them all ample time. The legislature having adjourned, he went to Woodland on the morning train, and there at the flat was Mrs. Miller with her daughter Barbara, of slander affidavit fame.

The victim was not there long until Craige was noticed from the window scurrying around the streets. He went out on the street and there was the mellifluous Bird with an expression of murderous wisdom and deep-set determination on his countenance. Just after that, the victim noticed this thug Conroy coming sliding into the back door of J. D. Stephens' Bank of Woodland.

These indications were enough. They meant there was another plot to kill on foot, so he thought he would go up to the flat for a while and wait and see what would develop, for he was not much afraid since he was

now armed as well as they. At the flat, he found Mrs. Miller still there and he began to tell her about the many and different ways and plots there had been to murder him, and during his conversation Jezebel and Barbara would look wild and disconcerted at each other.

After a little time he happened to go to the window looking out on First Street, and there on the opposite side of the street near the corner stood Conroy and the negro McAfee, assassins of July 18th before mentioned, looking and glaring up where he lived. He called Mrs. Miller to the window and showed her these thugs, and said that they had already fixed up another plan to destroy him that afternoon or evening, for they knew he was going away to San Francisco in the morning. She came to the window and looked at them, and he told her about the white man's, Conroy's, being in Hunt's room on the afternoon of July 17th to kill him, when he was lying on the lounge.

Jezebel was writhing under this terrible arraignment, and when she could hold in no longer she said, "He talks like a crazy man, doesn't he, Mrs. Miller?" She replied, "Well, I don't know; Mr. Sullivan is a sensible man and this looks very strange." Soon after this colloquy Mrs. Miller went home and the thugs left their watching posts, and old Jezebel went over to Mr. Torrence's hotel on the opposite corner.

Presently there came a rap on the door and the victim attended the same and found Sheriff Beamer and City Marshall Hoyt in waiting. It was instantly apparent that the conspiracy through Jezebel had sent them there, and that the marshall had come along to take off some of the curse of the murder Sheriff, but just what their real object was at that time he did not know.

He cordially invited them in and asked them to be

seated, and after sitting for what seemed to be minutes, without a word being said, (the victim had treated them so nicely that they were entirely dumbfounded) the sheriff finally regained courage enough to say, "Sullivan, don't you know they think you are crazy?" He replied, in substance, "Mr. Sheriff, don't reason teach you that inasmuch as I was elected to the critical and responsible position of Enrolling Clerk of the State Senate, in the very fire of this insanity slander, when it was ripe and rife and was being scattered and rooted by all that money and influence could do, and I having held such position under the greatest adversities that were ever cast to the lot of man, that this insanity dodge is only for the purpose of ruining me and murdering me to save themselves, and don't you know that I know you are a party to this and helping them?"

At about this point the sheriff said, "Well, Sullivan, I guess I shall have to take you." "Take me? What on?" "If you have authority which demands my association with you, I will go, otherwise I shall not go unless I desire." The sheriff said, "Well, they expect me to look out for you because they are afraid of you." He replied, "I have never made any threats against them."

The sheriff said, "That makes them all the more afraid of you because you have not. I think you had better go over with me, and as you are going to San Francisco in the morning you will have some one to awaken you for the early train."

The victim now sized up the situation about like this: "The sheriff had their perjured insanity papers of the district attorney. These conspirators were scared out of their boots for fear that he would kill some of them.

And if he did not go over and sleep at the jail that night he would be arrested, and that might possibly

beat him out of his office for the remainder of the session of the Legislature. Besides, their tool, Judge Garoutte, was free now to act and help them along; so he thought discretion the better part of valor, and said to the sheriff, that he would not go with either of them, although he would go over alone in a little while. The promise (of the crazy man) was all they wanted, and left his house. Shortly, he went over to the jail and slept there that night under the conditions and for the reason stated.

As soon as the victim arrived at the jail the sheriff commenced coaxing him for his pistol, and as an excuse said that it would not be right for an outsider to sleep in the jail with firearms; and he further voluntarily promised upon his word as Sheriff of Yolo County, as a man and as a Mason, that if the victim would give up the pistol, he would express it to him at the Brooklyn Hotel, San Francisco, that very day.

So thinking that the sheriff would not openly violate his word under such promises, the victim let him have the pistol, knowing that he could buy another at the Bay if the sheriff failed to keep his promise; the victim also taking his chances in getting to the city without this firearm. The sheriff did not send the pistol as he promised, and the victim was not able to get it from him until three months afterwards, and then not until he was about to sue the sheriff for converting it to his own use.

The real motive the sheriff had in depriving the victim of this pistol was to aid the conspiracy in killing him by thus depriving him through his official position and power, and deceit, of the means of self-defense.

It was now getting late at night, so he wrapped himself in the blankets that had enshrouded the forms of

many felons, and there in that dark and lonely cell he lay engulfed in the thoughts of the many murderous plots that had been made against his life, and how the real cause of all them was, in the first instance, the devices of a vile and wicked woman. And he thought how the torch of destruction had been lighted by her and how it was then burning in the breast of some of the mightiest in the land, with nothing seemingly able to quench it but the murder of the innocent victim, who lay there that night in a prison cell through the murdering agency of the sheriff of the county. What a pitiable thought for our civilization in the State of the Golden West. Finally through the sheer exhaustion of his torturing condition he swooned away into a refreshing slumber and was up and ready for the morning train.

Craige and his wife were on board the train at the Woodland depot in the morning bound for San Francisco. With this exception, which was ominous, nothing of note occurred until at Suisun half way between Woodland and San Francisco. There three thugs came aboard the train and sat down in the same car with the victim.

He very soon discovered that he was the object of their mission on the train. They were very poor actors in a murder plot, for they at once gave themselves away by their furtive glances at him, made with such an awkward attempt to conceal the same from his notice that a school boy might have detected their intentions.

Craige formerly lived in San Francisco and being posted on thugs and fast women, it was a very easy matter for him through the immense wealth of his wife and father-in-law, Stephens, to have these thugs informed by telegraph to come up from San Francisco that morning and meet him on the train, where further

and final arrangements could be made to follow and murder the victim at the best and safest place to do so. From even a slight consideration of the circumstances, it is an easy matter to see that that was the situation presented there that morning.

Craige soon went into the baggage car and two of these thugs followed him in there, where they all remained until the train was on the ferry boat crossing the river at Benicia. Now the victim got off the car and was walking around on the boat. When he passed the saloon on the boat, he saw the thugs and Craige in there drinking. Upon being discovered, Craige immediately went on to the car, and the trio commenced to dance and sing, and one of them was heard to say, "We'll set 'em up in high stacks after you are planted."

This remark he knew of course was meant for him, and he passed away and left these reveling fiends exulting over their contemplated gain of a sudden raise of money, by committing murder—a horrible thought, yet true.

The train now soon left the boat and rolled away for San Francisco. It soon arrived at Vallejo Junction, where there was a boat which crossed this part of the bay carrying passengers to Vallejo. The victim here left the train just as it pulled out and took the boat for Vallejo, and thought he had thus evaded the plans and presence of the thugs and conspirators for that day, at least. But not so, the train he had just left met an up train at San Pablo, and the thugs, having seen him at the Junction as the train they were on was fast moving away, now at the first opportunity came back where he was at Vallejo Junction, waiting for the boat to take him to Vallejo.

The boat waited for the passengers from these two

trains, and had he known such fact he would have kept out of sight of the thugs, and then they would not have known where he was and would not have returned as they did. He was now apparently in another dangerous dilemma, not exactly between the devil and the deep sea, but between the devils and the deep bay, on a ferryboat with these thugs, whom he knew were there to kill him for money; the victim having been disarmed at Woodland by the sheriff for the purpose of giving these fellows a chance to murder him. Yet he was not much afraid, for he knew that they dare not shoot among the passengers and all he had to do was to keep well among them to be comparatively safe.

The victim now commenced to talk in presence of the thugs, to an innocent fellow passenger, about the town of Cloverdale which was a long way up from the city of Napa on the line of this railroad from Vallejo. The conversation was had before the boat had commenced to cross over to Vallejo, and after the boat had crossed the bay and the passengers had taken the train for Napa and points further north on the road, the thugs of course being in close proximity, he again began talking to a passenger about Cloverdale and other points of interest in the mountains, where one might find good fishing and hunting in some lonely wild spot.

This had the desired effect, for the murderers acted as though they surely thought they were soon going to find the victim a lonely fisherman on some isolated stream, or hunting in some wild jungle in the mountain wood. By the time the train arrived at Napa City, they were thoroughly saturated with the idea that he was going to Cloverdale and then to other points in the mountains to fish and hunt.

Upon arriving at Napa City, he went out on the plat-

form of the car and stood there looking as though he were a passenger who was going further. He tried to make it appear to the assassins that he was bound for Cloverdale. In due time the bell commenced to ring, announcing the departure of the train. It was now moving and the driver of a buss at the depot was arranging himself in his seat preparatory to driving away.

The occasion being now presented he took advantage of the same by jumping from the train and hurriedly took a seat in the buss which drove quickly away, and the three thugs then looking from the fast moving train began to realize that the person they were following to get a chance to kill was now being surely and swiftly separated from them, and there being no reverse train for them to return on as at San Pablo, their murder money would be forever gone.

In the afternoon along came the train from Calistoga bound for Vallejo and he went aboard. He looked through the cars, but the human hyenas were not aboard, so without further let or hindrance he arrived in San Francisco in due time, and repaired to the Brooklyn Hotel, but as he really expected, he found that Sheriff Beamer had not sent his revolver, so he went out and procured another, for he well knew that they would try to waylay him in this large city.

On the fifth day of the victim's sojourn in the city, he saw a newspaper reporter from the Woodland "Democrat," who asked him if he had seen Frank Rhaum in the city. He had not, and on being so informed, the reporter said that he had just seen him at the Russ House, and away went the victim to the Russ House. On entering the hotel office, he saw Mr. Rhaum and Al Dedman engaged in a low, earnest con-

versation, and as soon as they espied the victim they ceased talking and walked down the stairs and out of the hotel, without even speaking to the victim. Although they were well acquainted with him, they apparently were trying to avoid him. He then did a little detective work by shadowing them to Dedman's dive on Kearney Street, where they both entered.

These men were of notoriously bad character. Mr. Rhaum was an ex-sheriff of Yolo County at Woodland, California, and was there tried for the secret murder of his deputy, John Maltby, a few years before. He expended all his money in defense of his life and was now broke, and, of course, wanted some of the fodder with which the conspiracy were feeding these murder beasts. Dedman had recently lived at Woodland, where the victim saved him from prison by acting as his attorney; and a few years before that time Dedman was tried for a secret attempt to murder two women at Knight's Landing in Yolo County, California. Now the victim knowing all these facts about this pair, and being certain that Rhaum did not have any legitimate business at San Francisco, is it any wonder that he hastened away to the Russ House to find out what he could about them?

Dedman had seen the victim in the city since his recent arrival several times before his conference with Mr. Rhaum at the Russ House, but never spoke to him. Now he was constantly putting himself in his immediate presence and attempting to engage him in conversation, and continued to do so for three or four days, until the victim considered the matter had gone far enough, and said, "See here, Dedman, I know as well as you do what your intentions are toward me. If you had the gratitude of a dog, you would try to help me and save

me instead of trying to get the drop on me to kill me for the promise of a few dollars, which you would never get even if you could do the job. I saw you with Rhaum and knew he gave you a few dollars and has promised you a big lot if you could catch me, but you never can. I am now heeled as well as you, and if you want it out begin right here, and if you don't begone and never look at me again."

Dedman said, "Sullivan you are right, and these fellows at Woodland are stiffs and bilks. They never pay a man as they agree." At this the victim walked away, and that was the last time he ever saw Dedman.

Rhaum was known to be acting with the conspiracy at Woodland, and the logic of the situation was, that since Craige's three thug plot had been detected and outgeneralled, the conspiracy had sent Rhaum down from Woodland to have Dedman kill the victim.

They assumed that because the victim had defended Dedman, hence he must be some particular friend to him, and that through friendship Dedman could induce him into some place where he could be killed. This pair having met at the Russ House and been unexpectedly discovered by the victim, they hurried away to Dedman's dive to finish the bargain, where Rhaum gave him a few dollars for expenses and promised him a large sum upon the successful completion of the killing job. Then Rhaum went back to Woodland so as to be as far away from the murder as possible, for, if close by it, the decent people of Woodland would surely suspect him.

Nothing further of note occurred at San Francisco, and he returned to Woodland preparatory to assuming his duties as Enrolling Clerk of the Senate, and the next day the Legislature reconvened, and from that time on

until the close of the session there was nothing occurred that would merit noting here. During the closing days of the session, the victim commenced devising some plan by which he might get some further direct and undisputable evidence of the guilt of the first originators of this conspiracy; namely, Ball, Craige, and Jezebel; and in this relation he thought of a woman residing at Folson, whom he had gratuitously defended against the persecutions of a wealthy person, while he was residing at Folson.

The next evening after the Legislature adjourned, sine die, the victim went up to Folson and interviewed this woman, and he gave her detail after detail of the plots and attempts to murder him, and particularly described the poison plot of July 14th, when Jezebel gave him the poison. Of course she felt shocked and horrified at such wickedness, and wished she could only be of some help to him so as to pay him for his previous defense of her.

At this point, he detailed his plan of action, which is briefly told as follows: She was to take the morning train for Sacramento and go direct to the drug store of J. S. Meredith and tell him that the victim was a worthless wretch; that he had been at Folson and talked horridly about him and accused him of trying to decoy him into his house on M Street to have him murdered; that he had not only talked about his wife, but had slandered her since he moved from Folson; that she had a notion to go to Woodland and see all the parties, and if she could get them to back her up, she could easily give him a dose that would fix him up for the next country right away.

The victim told her that Meredith being broke and already in the conspiracy and anxious to get some

money out of it, would fall in with her idea and might go to Woodland with her so as to get closer to the combine and its money. At Woodland, she was to go to Jezebel's house, and after properly getting into her presence, say, that the victim was up at Folson slandering her, Ball, Craige, and others, and to generally broil him until he was ignominiously done, and finally propose that if they would stand in and protect her, she could and would give him a dose of poison; and if they would tell her what to get or write it down she would get it at Meredith's drug store, but that she would like some little slip of paper with their names on so that she would be sure of protection after he was dead.

Then she was to come back and get the poison, and the victim would be on the watch and get the paper and poison from her and then he would have some more direct evidence of their guilt. But again the best laid plans of mice and men "they aft gang aglee."

This same John McComber of Folson was spying out for the combine, and instead of his former friend com ing to Sacramento, Mr. McComber came, and went to Woodland and saw the millionaire Stephens, who came over to Brigadier Bugby's office and there they sought to plan for the victim's arrest on a criminal charge, but gave up before they began.

This little plan doesn't amount to much only to show that the victim never had a friend but that this criminal and money combine could control and cause them to even conspire against his life. What was true in this particular instance would be true with any poor person who had money against him, seeking their ruin either morally, financially, or to the extent of murder, and the quicker the poor understand this the better able they will be to protect themselves.

After the failure to entrap the enemy as last related, the victim went over to Woodland, and then Jezebel left the flat and took rooms at Mr. Torrence's Hotel opposite Ball & Craige's law offices.

There was still murder in the air, and that night the victim nailed down the windows and barred the doors so that entrance could not be made unless the doors or windows were smashed; and he very confidently thought that whoever smashed them would not smash any the next day. So as soon as it was dark he lay down and went to sleep, and about half past eleven o'clock he was awakened by a number of persons coming up the stairs.

They made a great and unusual noise and entered Ball & Craige's law offices adjoining. Judging from their footsteps and number of different voices, there were as many as six persons. After noting the comparatively early time it was, he did not then think it meant anything wrong, until they had swept and swept enough to do the office a dozen times or more, and then they would come out into the hall and sweep, then wait and keep quiet, and then begin again. By this time, he was up and dressed, with a good revolver in each hand, rather courting than fearing an attack.

Now down the hall they would go, then back again and sweep and slash and noise around. Then they stopped and held a low, whispered talk in front of the victim's main entrance door in the hall. Then they moved up the hall toward the head of the stairs and stamped the floor and kicked the sides of the base boards. At this juncture, the victim stood upon a chair and looked over the transom and saw the perjured negro Linn, the negro murderer of July 18th, and a white man glaring at the entrance door to his flat.

The victim then quietly but but quickly made a kind of fort out of the bed and furniture, in the shape of a V, the apex pointing toward the door; then he unbarred the door and left it so it was only locked with a common lock that could be burst open with only a slight shoulder shove. Then he planted himself in the apex of the improvised fort and would cough and make a noise so they would be sure he was there.

The victim knew the enemies' plan was to aggravate him so he would open his door and come out into the hall, where they could kill him, and then they could all swear that he was the aggressor, and commenced the fight.

He built his fort and fixed the door so that it could easily be smashed in, thinking perhaps when they found they could not get him out, they would break in, and then he would commence shooting; and he felt confident that he could pile up these dead niggers in his room before they could get to him, or discover the ambush; and thus he would have them dead in his room which would be conclusive evidence of their guilt and his innocence, and the real conspirators would be exposed on the trial that would follow.

But the assassins not being able to carry out the plot according to instruction, and not having brains enough to think of breaking in the door or courage enough to do so if they thought of it, evacuated the battle field with only defeat to report to Generalissimo; who had slunk away to Colusa County after this great plan of battle had been made, and left its execution in the hands of his law partner, who fell through himself at the Opera House. So who was the crazier man, the one who made this murder plot, or the victim who defeated it?

The next evening the victim retired very early with house fortified as in the beginning of the preceding night and had not much of any fears of another attempt. Along about one o'clock at night, he awoke and everything was as still as death. He lay there thinking of the feelings that must pervade the breasts of brave men as they marched forth to battle and to die, and how in a much more torturing manner he had so many times experienced the feelings of expected murder and death, and that there never was a pen that could describe emotions and feelings of a man under such circumstances.

He studied on the degenerate attributes of a moral traitor; that is, one who, while professing friendship, at the same time, was planning to secretly murder you, and in this connection he ran down the category of criminals such as murderers for money, pirates, hired assassins, etc., and none could compare in degenerate depravity with the moral traitor.

And then he considered how he was, and had been for the last several months with such wretches all secretly planning and seeking the life blood in his veins. As he lay there cogitating his situation in this manner, he heard some one coming up the stairs. He listened and they came up and stopped at the head of the stairs, so he reached up and took one of his pistols. The victim knew the person to be a man by his step, and he remained motionless for as much as five minutes at the head of the stairs; then he moved along until he was directly opposite to his bed room door, which opened into the hall, and there stopped.

The victim had by this time swung his feet out of bed and was sitting on its edge, waiting for further developments, but the fellow after hanging around for a few

moments went off down the stairs. It was afterwards ascertained that this midnight caller was George Rhaum, brother of our Frank Rhaum, and that he had been all the night getting on a whiskey brave to come there and murder the victim for the money his maudlin brain thought he might get if he did so. But the fact is he never had the courage of his desire and when the time came for him to make the attempt the strain was so great on him that it killed the liquor in him, and he slunk away; further, he never would have at that time or at any other time stood a ghost of a show to have done so.

Generalissimo had now lost his nerve and was hiding at his ranch in Colusa County, leaving Stephens and his crew to tremble with fear of being shot on sight though the victim had never uttered a word of threat against any of them. This was one thing they were afraid of; if he would let his mind be known then they might be able to form some plan of action. So to find out what he thought, they conceived and tried to execute a brilliant plan by sending their servile assessor, Huston, out to the little town of Winters and bring in Dave Sullivan, who being of the same name could certainly blarney the victim up and draw him out.

Dave came and commenced by telling the victim all about how he had outgeneraled them all and done them up to the queen's taste, and how glad he was, and went on at a great rate praising the fine qualities of the victim, until he, in his mind, had the poor victim galvanized with his own greatness, and then came the question the conspiracy had sent him there to find out: "Say, Sullivan, are you going to kill these fellows, or are you going to law them? And what kind of action or proceeding are you going to begin?" The victim parried

these questions and let his brother Irish friend and namesake unwind his blarney ball.

Poor Dave at that time was not a bad man and would not have mortally harmed the victim, but just wanted to stand in where the material help was. After Dave was tired pumping, the victim took up the handle and commenced by giving him some of his blarney and said, "Now, Dave, I know you take a great pride in the name of Sullivan; so tell me what you know about those fellows trying to ruin me?"

"Well, I'll tell you; they think I am a friend of yours, and so I am; and they have plenty of money but you have to earn every cent you get. Well, one night during the Harlan trial I was down in Powers' saloon drinking, but I was not drunk at all, and Rhaum, Ball, Craige, Sprague, Judge Garoutte, Gas Hunt, were all there, and I heard them talking about some one's being crazy. They were talking very low and in a kind of whisper. I saw they didn't want outsiders to hear, and I was kind of lying in a chair and pretending to be asleep so as to hear. I found out they were talking about you, and Ball said, 'Who is that fellow in the chair? Some one said, 'Oh; he is drunk; he don't know anything; let him go,' and then Ball came over and pulled up my hat and looked me in the face, and said, 'That fellow don't know, don't you fool yourself.'

"They talked some more and I found out that they were trying to fix up a job to send you to the asylum. They wanted to get rid of you on account of your wife. After a while someone said, 'Let's go into the room here and fix this thing up,' so they went in, and that is all I really know any more than Huston brought me here to find out about what you are going to do, and

cautioned me not to let anybody know that he came after me. He also said that he was going to keep out of trouble."

The victim keenly realized that in order to thoroughly convince the public that so many persons of such high standing had been guilty of so much criminality he ought to try to get as much direct and incriminating evidence against them as was possible to obtain; and that as he had now worn out their insanity slander and proved that to be false, the people ought to be satisfied that any reasonable thing he might say about these conspirators was true. He also realized that if he could now, after all that had happened, scare them into arresting him for insanity, and thus get them into court, and placed upon record where they could not lie out of it, and there in court again defeat them, they could never gainsay the main features of the record; and that such proceeding and result would authenticate the tale of his persecution and attempted secret murder story. For one or the other must be true; he was either crazy, or they had tried to ruin and murder him.

He reasoned that in such a court proceeding, he would be the defendant and entitled to the process of the court to obtain his witnesses, and that he would have the whole army subpoenaed and sworn and their testimony reported, and while all would now lie about it, they could not all come into court and swear to lies where there were so many complicated facts, without a being detected and shown up before the people. He further reasoned that possibly some of them would tell the truth and then he would have attempted murder established by their own friends. He knew that they would have as many doctors and lawyers to show that he was crazy as they desired, and that Judge Garoutte,

their ready-made court, would decide just as they desired, and adjudge him insane and order him confined in an asylum, and then after he was adjudged insane by the ready-made Judge, he would dump the whole gang, court, doctors, and all overboard.

But how could he do this? Here it is: Up to that time, there never was a known case in the State where a man had a jury trial after he had been found crazy by a court; and this band of murderers having spent so much more time in committing crime than in reading law, did not know there was a law in the State entitling a person to a jury trial in such a case. So he planned and reasoned that when the proper time came he would reverse the perjured court and doctors by a verdict of soundness, and that he would have them done up in good and undisputable shape.

So to carry out the plan just outlined, he commenced talking freely to different people and explaining to them the details of the murder plots, and informed this Mr. Torrence of the Woodland Capitol Hotel, Assemblyman L. B. Adams of Yolo County, Melt Inyard, Anthony Sweeny, and many others about the whole matter, and after a few days' talking on this general plan to incite them to cause his arrest, he thought it about time to play the last card by mailing a certain letter along the same line.

The facts about mailing this letter came about in this way: The victim's mail had been tampered with in the Woodland postoffice ever since this conspiracy began. To illustrate, he had addressed a letter to a certain place in Montana Territory at the Woodland postoffice, and the words Montana Territory were erased and Nebraska inserted in their place so that the letter went to the place of the same name in Nebraska, and from

there of course it was sent to the dead letter office, and afterwards was returned to the victim. He then and ever since has had the written evidence of this mail tampering. Now upon the strength of their own crimes, he prepared a decoy letter ficticiously addressed to Detective John Bassett at San Francisco. It contained nine pages of fool's cap paper, and explained all about how Bassett's partner had been to Woodland in the night to see him, and how a certain millionaire lawyer was helping them, and would furnish all the money necessary to prosecute these murderers, and how in a few days they would all be arrested with all the plans and details and names of the persons exposed.

So to make sure that the conspirators would get the letter, the victim informed Jezebel about the same and when he should mail it; and he knew this letter, with what he had told the people, would cause the conspirators as a last resort to have him arrested. So one morning he mailed the letter, and of course it was soon read by the contingent then at Woodland. There was hurrying and scurrying all around among the conspirators, and it is easily imagined how they now consulted and said:

"The victim must be subdued in some way or ruin will follow all of us." Homes, families, reputation, and money were now at stake and must be protected. It made no difference if the God of Heaven and the Creator of all had been outraged and set at defiance, there was nothing for consideration now but worldly interest and self-protection. It did seem as if God himself was after them by reason of all their defeats with so much money to back them. Many of them could now surely be sent to prison for their bold crimes unless this crazy man was sent to an asylum. He now

had the millionaire backer to help him, as they had seen in the letter, and action must be taken at once. So under these harrowing conditions of the guilty culprits, they sent for the Generalissimo of the band, now hiding on his Colusa ranch balancing on the sharp, precipitating edge of hope and fear, hoping that the winds of the black blast would soon blow over, and that his recent crimes would not find him out, fearing only of the judgment of the people upon his exposure.

Upon his arrival, the band assembled, and from the best information obtainable, he, in substance, said; "I knew after our first attempts at poisoning him, we would have a hard time to ever kill him, and particularly without getting caught. I have long since given up the idea that he could be killed in secret, and I came to this conclusion when he beat my Clunie House plot with Judge Armstrong.

"You see how he worked it with our female friend; he would tell her what he wanted us to know and keep the rest to himself. You fellows thought you knew his whole mind through her; but to your sorrow you have found out that you did not.

"You see by this letter to Bassett that we are now in a closer place than we have ever had him, for murder is something that the people will not stand, and though we did not kill him we all tried hard enough, and if the story of our actions ever gets before the people, we are done for forever. We may keep the most of our property, but before the people we will be killed if not sent to prison. And now as a matter of self-interest we had better have him arrested for insanity, and if we only get him into the asylum for a day, he'll be broken down and nobody will believe anything he says; and even if

we fail, the fact of the charge against him will hurt him somewhat.

"But you know we can't fail; our judge will do as we say; that's what he was elected to do. When I received the news of the Bassett letter on my ranch up in Colusa, I knew we must face the music and dance correctly, or be ostracized forever. Now the best thing to do is to have Tommy Gibson, little Tommy, who brought the poison to Dr. Dick, make affidavit that the victim is crazy, and we will get him landed for a while, anyway, and, as I said, that will break him down, and it may be for a few dollars we can keep him there for life." So the conference broke up and the plan was attempted to be put into execution.

It was now October 8, 1886, and the victim had just left his office and was going over to the Court House to get a copy of the district attorney's insanity affidavit, when he observed Sheriff Beamer approaching him with a quick, important step, his face beaming with delight, his eyes sparkling with joy, his mouth grinning with satisfaction, and in a sense stretched down to his boots. As he met the victim he said, "They are after you again; I will have to take you this time sure. They want you for insanity." "Who do you mean by they?"

"Why, you know those fellows at the bank corner."

"I expect you mean Ball, Craige, Stephens, Fiske, and the whole gang?" "Yes; that's about the size of it." "Well, I'll go; show me your papers." "I haven't got any papers with me; there is a new complaint made; it is in my office." "Have you a warrant?" "No; there has been no warrant issued."

"You know that you have no right to arrest me without a warrant, but I don't care about that; I'll go up to the Craft House and get my dinner, and then go over

and be a crazy man for a while. All right, said the sheriff; I know that you will do as you agree." So after dinner, the man who had planned his own arrest went over to the sheriff's office to have them play crazy man with him for a while to prove their own guilt.

Then he asked to see the complaint made against him, and found as he expected, that it was sworn to by young Tommy Gibson, who brought the poison to Dr. Dick on July 14th with which the victim was poisoned. He read the complaint over carefully and found that it was fatally defective, because it did not comply, even substantially, with the requirements of the statutes in such cases. But he kept the knowledge of this defect closely to himself; for he wanted to take them all by surprise and cast all the odium on them that he could before the number he expected would be present at the hearing. He talked with the sheriff and found out that the Court was going to proceed with the farce the next day, and that twenty witnesses had been subpoenaed to swear against him.

Feeling perfectly secure by reason of this defective complaint, he complacently thought what obloquy and shame he would cast upon them the next day, when in open court before all the lawyers, witnesses and people present, he would move and compel the court to reluctantly discharge him from arrest, by reason of the insufficient complaint against him. And what a fool he would make of their district attorney, who had sworn to a complaint that he did not now dare to stand upon, and then had drawn another that did not comply with the law. The people would certainly think that if any person was crazy and ought to be sent to an asylum it was the district attorney instead of the victim.

Besides the witnesses would not feel like swearing quite so strong against him.

This evening old Jezebel came over to the Sheriff's office, smiling with satisfaction. The sheriff and one or two others were there, and after getting herself squared around for action she opened her fire by saying: "Well, they have got you, havn't they? Now you will soon be in the asylum where you ought to be, and I guess then you will keep your mouth shut." He let her go on in this strain until her string was about out, and then in terms he said:

"You, they, nor all he corrupt power in the state can never send me to an asylum. The truth is mighty and will prevail. Do not think because these parties own the court, district attorney, and half of the county that they can for a moment own me or the facts. There is not one of you that thinks for a moment of the trap you are in; or that you yourselves will be buried in the grave which you are digging for me." She said, "Why, you are as happy as a clam; I expected to see you all broken up." Then one of the officers spoke and said, "Sullivan is a brick, isn't he?" He retorted, "No but you will find that I am a whole brick house with rooms to let before I am through with you all yet." With this the modern Jezebel retired from the insanity scene forever.

At 10 a. m. the next day the Superior Court of Yolo County convened Judge Garoutte presiding. The twenty witnesses were present with anxious and bated breath for a chance to swear away the liberty of the innocent for the favor of the mighty. There were only six lawyers with a few officials, belonging to the Court House, present. From this sparse attendance upon such a sensational proceeding, he was satisfied that the

conspiracy had been keeping the hearing as secret as possible, so there might be but a few people present to witness this outrage on justice, for they well knew that it would not bear the light of decency shining upon it. Judge Garoutte on taking the bench ordered the sheriff to open court.

The Sheriff with his customary assumption of dignity ejaculated, "Hear ye! hear ye! hear ye! the Superior Court of Yolo County is now open pursuant to adjournment."

Court—Mr. Clerk, what's on the calendar for hearing this morning?

Clerk—The matter of P. M. Sullivan, an alleged insane person.

Court—I see the doctors and witnesses; are all present. We will proceed; the witnesses will stand up and be sworn; which was done.

Defendant—May it please Your Honor, before taking any testimony in this matter, I ——

Court—You will please be seated, sir; the Court cannot hear you.

Defendant—May it please Your Honor, I am the defendant in this proceeding, and I ——

Court—You cannot be heard; it would be preposterous to allow an insane man to be heard in court.

Defendant—Sane or insane, sir, is the question to be determined here, and I have a natural and constitutional right to be heard in my own defense. I am, and have been for years, an honorable attorney of all the courts of this State, and to say it is preposterous to hear me in my own defense, is a proposition without a parallel; is contrary to natural right, the rules of jurisprudence, the state constitution.

Court—If you have any motion to make, or anything

of a strictly legal nature bearing on the case, I will hear that.

Defendant—Most respectfully I have, and have twice been on the point of presenting the same, when I was prevented by the Court. I move that the complaint charging me with insanity be dismissed, and that I forthwith and forever be discharged. The ground of motion is, that this complaint, charging me with insanity, does not comply with the requirements fo Section 2210 of the Political Code upon which it is based. That Section requires complaints of this character must be made before a magistrate, with judicial functions, and this complaint is made before Frank Sprague, the district attorney, who is not now, and by the votes of the people and grace of God, never will be a magistrate.

The court looked around at the lawyers present, who were smiling, thus in dicating that the alleged insane man had the best of the Court, district attorney, and all the combination of criminals. The Court grasped the situation and without ado said: "The defendant's point is well taken; it would only be a waste of time to try to hold a man on a defective complaint of this kind, for he would certainly obtain a Writ of Habeas Corpus and upon the same obtain his liberty. The defendant is discharged.

The victim then arose and with more grace than he ever before practiced, thanked the Court and bowed himself out. But as he was walking away from the bar of the Court, the Judge said, to young Gibson, the accuser, "Do you want to make another complaint?"

Gibson said, "I don't know." Court: "Well, if you do come here and I will write one and swear you to it." Gibson sat still and speechless. The Court again said to him, "Come here and make another complaint."

And as the victim left the Court Room, the Judge was writing a new complaint against him, for insanity.

The victim utilized his liberty respite by going over into the city, and there met Mr. Hollinsworth, one of the heaviest stockholders of Stephens' Bank, and he said to him, "I have just knocked out the Bank's judge, district attorney, lawyers, and all in that insanity conspiracy against me. Don't you think I am quite a legal knocker out for an insane man?" Mr. Hollinsworth was like the boy we once heard about, he had nothing to say. Of course these tactics were for the purpose of stigmatizing the conspiracy and its judge.

He had not gone far in advertising the gang in this way before the sheriff came up to him and said, "Well, I am after you again." "All right," he said, "here I am, and I will knock you all out again; have you a warrant? If not, I shall not go this time." "Yes; you told me that, so I have a warrant; here it is," showing it. And the victim was again led to the slaughter pen. He was allowed to remain sane only for a little while. Kind of presto change business, now sane, now insane.

After arriving at the jail, he examined the new complaint against him and found it to be in the hand writing of Judge Garoutte. It was fatally defective in not complying with the law in such cases. He immediately prepared a petition for Writ of Habeas Corpus, and found the Judge in the Clerk's office, to whom he presented the petition, and asked that an order for a Writ of Habeas Corpus be issued upon it.

The Judge looked the petition over and said, "What is the use of this? Suppose the papers are defective and you are again discharged, they will arrest you again."

The victim told the judge that they might arrest him

until they grew as black in the face as they were at heart, but that they would never get him into an asylum. The judge made the requested order for the reason, if he had refused to do so, he would have been subject to an action for $5,000 damages under the statute of California.

The Writ of Habeas Corpus having been granted, the next thing was to get a hearing, so he went again to the judge and requested him to grant a hearing on it that afternoon; but he refused to grant a hearing that afternoon, because he said that he had another matter to hear, and besides he did not suppose that it made any difference when it was heard. But upon pressure he set the hearing down for the day after tomorrow at two o'clock p. m. Now the reason that the judge set the hearing for the day after tomorrow in the afternoon, was because he calculated to have the victim in the asylum before that time; and then of course there could be no such hearing. Therefore note the moral perjury of this villainous judge who now sits in the people's court in legal judgment over their lives, their property and honor in California.

It was now two o'clock p. m. of the same day, October 9th. And the victim was sitting at a window in the sheriff's office from which, he could see the approach of persons coming from the city to the court house, and he observed many of the witnesses against him who had been in attendance of the morning session of the court coming to and entering the court house. At the first sight of these witnesses he divined the situation to be; that the conspiracy had ordered the court to proceed with the insanity hearing that afternoon, and make an order that the victim should be confined in the asylum. And then it was further plain what the judge

referred to, when he refused to hear the Habeas Corpus, and said he had another matter that afternoon.

The victim now went into the court room and there saw many of the witnesses, who were in the conspiracy shying and trembling, notably the cur was shaking like a sliver on a rail in a high wind, and many others, whose legs quivered until it could be said, they were tired and about to resign nature's position. And if one could hear such poor, disgraced legs speak, they would undoubtedly hear them say:

"We are willing to prop and support any mortal, providing he possesses even a scintilla of the elements of manhood, but when we are compelled to walk and carry around such counterfeits as these, who have betrayed every trust confided to them, and committed every moral and legal crime in the whole category, we rebel and are willing to be committed to the dust rather than to further pursue our nauseating calling."

Dr. Keating, an eminent physician of Woodland, was solicited by the conspiracy to act as a commissioner of lunacy upon this hearing, but he looked upon the matter as a job and farce, and refused to have anything to do with it. Some of the other doctors who were there as witnesses at the morning session of court, now refused to take any further part in the play, and as reasons stated that when it came to such a pass, an open outrage, that an alleged crazy man could legally throw down the district attorney, court and all as was done that morning, they didn't want any more stock in such a company.

The lone victim now sat there musing his fate, but rather amusing himself over their fate, for he knew he was soon to be adjudged insane by the conspiracy's judge; but that he would soon have a jury trial and

reverse the doctors, court and all, and then what a plight they would be in with the moral effect of such a verdict against them. In a sense it would be an impeachment of the doctors and judge, besides it would be self-evident proof that all he had said against them was true.

Now he conceived the idea of burlesquing this coming insanity examination and making it as farcial and outrageous as possible; by cross-questioning and tangling up the willing witnesses, who were so anxious to swear away his liberty for the simple promise of favor from the conspiracy, which they never could obtain. And thereby destroy them by their own mouths, with which they were attempting to destroy him. Now about this time in came the judge with settled and fixed determination to obey the orders of the conspiracy, and thus commit a permeditated injury, through the forms of the law, upon an innocent man who never did him any harm.

Without a formal opening the Court said, "Dr. Clark and Dr. McFarland, they (meaning the conspiracy) have selected you to act as commissioners, come forward and be sworn." With commendable obedience to orders and with great alacrity, they responded and were sworn in to do worse and more contemptible work than bloody assassins.

At this point in the tragedy, the victim arose and stated that he protested against the Court's proceeding with his examination, for the reason the complaint filed against him was fatally defective, and did not comply with the law in such cases, and the Court admitted such to be the fact by granting a Habeas Corpus upon such grounds; and therefore the court could not legally proceed with his examination until the Habeas Corpus

hearing was over, and the court had formerly decided the complaint to be good. The victim further said, "You cannot legally hold me now on a defective complaint any more than you could this morning, the law or your legal power is no greater now than it was then."

The Court made no reply but arbitrarily called J. T. Gibson, the drug clerk, to the stand and instructed him to tell what he knew or had heard about the defendant's being crazy.

Witness—Well, I can't tell.

Court—Don't you know anything about it?

Witness—Yes.

Court—What is it?

Witness—Well, he's crazy.

Court—How do you know?

Witness—I don't know, only he's crazy.

Court—Can't you tell something you have seen him do, or heard him say, that will be evidence he is crazy.

Witness—I don't know what to say.

Court—Don't you know something that would make you think he is crazy? Something you have seen him do or heard him say?

Witness—I never saw or heard him say anything.

Court—Haven't you heard someone say he's crazy?

Witness—Yes; I have.

Court—Well, who have you heard say he was crazy?

Witness—Why, Ball and Craige, and Fiske and Stephens, you, the district attorney, and others.

Court—Tell what he said when he asked you your name, and all about it.

Witness—Well, I and Sweeney and Jim were setting on a box in front of the drug store, and he came along and after talking to Sweeney, he asked me my full name; and I didn't want to answer him, and he said

to Sweeney, "See how red my face got, and not to forget it," and I got up and went in the drug store.

Court—Is that all that was said?

Witness—Yes, that is all.

Court—Do you know anything else he has done or said to any person?

Witness—No; I don't know any more.

Court—That will do; stand aside.

The victim now arose and addressed the Court as follows: "May it please Your Honor, I move the testimony of the witness, Gibson, be stricken out, because it is irrelevant, immaterial and incompetent. It is irrelevant because it in no way conceivable relates to the issue being examined. It is immaterial because it does not prove nor tend to prove the issue or any part of it. And if it proves or tends to prove anything, it is the witness's incapacity, but willingness to testify to something if he knew how ——," Court interrupting: "The motion is overruled; Mr. Gibson, stand aside."

Defendant—With the Court's permission I desire to ask the witness a few questions before he leaves the stand.

Court—You must be very brief about it; I do not propose to take up much time in this small matter.

Defendant—Mr. Gibson, did we ever speak together or to each other except as you have mentioned here in Court?

Witness—That was the only time

Defendant—Did you about nine o'clock on the morning of July 14th last past leave the drug store in which you work and go to the dental office of Dr. Dick on an errand in which I was concerned?

Court—You need not answer that question.

Defendant—The question is only preliminary and

intended to serve as a basis for certain other questions to follow which will elicit very important discoveries, and show some very material facts bearing on the issue, and if the answers are not apparently material, I will ask the Court to strike them all out. So I think the Court ought to allow the witness to answer the question under these conditions.

Court—The Court thinks you have gone about far enough with this witness, but you may ask another question or two, and we will see about it then.

Defendant—Mr. Gibson, upon the morning mentioned did you take from the drug store where you are employed a dose of poison ——. Here the court interrupted the question by saying, "You can't ask the witness anything about poison; that is another matter, a criminal action which is not being tried here."

Defendant—I propose to show by this witness that on the morning mentioned he, at the instance of the conspiracy, took a dose of poison, prepared at the drug store where he works by Dr. Strong, to the dental office of Dr. Dick adjoining the flat where I live, and there gave such poison to Dr. Dick to be secretly administered to me with murderous intent and it was so done ——. The court here again interrupted and peremptorily ordered the witness to leave the stand.

Of course the victim could not control the Court or keep the witness on the stand, but he was very well satisfied with the results from the witness and the Court. He had them where they looked smaller to him than a fly speck on the Rocky Mountains. While as an American citizen living under the best government the world ever knew, and they as a part of such government, he felt sorry for their criminal hearts.

After the exposure made by the little drug clerk, the

Court enquired of its Clerk if the subpoena in the matter under examination had been returned, and was informed that there had been no subpoena issued, that the witnesses were all there without having been subpoenaed.

At this point, Mr. Torrence, proprietor of the Capitol Hotel at Woodland, asken to be sworn that he might retire, so the Court called him to the stand and instructed him to state all he knew about Sullivan's being crazy, and emphasized the fact that he must tell all that he had ever seen him do or heard him say. So the witness commenced his wonderful and startling evidence by saying:

"After the victim had returned from his duties as Enrolling Clerk of the Senate he took his meals at the Hotel and nothing unusual was noticed about him until a day or two before he was arrested; and at that time he commenced to talk about the conspiracy, naming them, and to tell how they had attempted to murder him both with poison and with bullets." And his story looked so improbable that he could not believe it, neither did he believe that the victim was crazy; that the victim distinctly stated that he was not afraid of these fellows now, but was last summer before he had firearms.

And during Mr. Torrence's narration of crazy facts, he stated that after the victim had informed him about this conspiracy, he went out of the hotel while the north winds were blowing very hard and the door was shut with a bang as though some one had fired off a pistol.

At this point the court interrupted and said to Mr. Torrence: "So you think he is crazy, do you?" "Why, certainly he is."

Court—That will do; stand aside.

Defendant—May it please the Court I desire to ask the witness a few questions.

Court—All right; you may, but they must be very short.

Defendant—Mr. Torrence, one of the reasons you think I am crazy is because the north wind was blowing when I went out of your hotel and the door slammed?

Witness—Yes; but you were also singing as you went out.

Defendant—Don't you know, that one of these north winds we have usually blows for about three days, and it has a peculiar effect on all animal creation, both human and brute?

Court—You need not answer that question; it will not prove either sanity or insanity.

Defendant—Your Honor, it is a fact well known by natural philosophers, scientific and learned men of this coast, as well as to many others, that after one of these north winds have been blowing for some time, they produce a peculiar effect on all animal creation; and then the horses will neigh, the bulls will bellow, the cows will low, the calves will bawl, and all animal creation is affected to a greater or less extent

And I now propose to prove by this witness, that he understands all about these winds and its effect, and that it affected him at such time the same as it did the calves, and that he has not got over it yet. Besides it may appear that this door slammed not because I was crazy, but because the wind blew the witness's brains out.

Court—Never mind the crazy man, Mr. Torrence, stand aside.

The Court next brought forward this limping, lying

lawyer Baker, to whom we have already referred. And as soon as he took the stand, the victim turned his back to him, so as to show all the contempt that he could, because he knew him to be a Masonic fraud and lying perjurer. The witness was directed by the Court to proceed in his own way and tell anything he could that caused him to think that the defendant was crazy. The witness proceeded but seemed to be spellbound and half lockjawed. He could scarcely say anything other than he thought the defendant was crazy, and so the witness was soon dimisssed by the court and entirely ignored by the defendant.

The next witness called to elucidate the crazy actions of the defendant was the conspirator, Dr. Strong, who being instructed how to testify in about the same manner that the preceding witnesses had been told, proceeded to show the victim was as crazy as a bed bug and ought to be put into an asylum at once. And the great reason assigned for the victim's being crazy was because he had imagined he was poisoned on the preceeding 14th day of July. Now after this witness had emptied his bag of perjury on the judge's altar of infamy, he was accordingly directed to leave the stand. But at this stage of the tragedy, the victim claimed the right to ask the modern Ananias some questions and proceeded as follows:

Defendant—Doctor, do you recollect being in Ball's law office about a year ago extolling his qualities and there in my presence said, that you would take the chances and do anything that he wanted you to do?

Court—You need not answer that.

Defendant—At the time I referred to, do you recollect that you said you would poison a man for twenty five dollars if you had Ball to back you?

Court—Don't answer that question.

Defendant—Just one more: Did you on the 14th of last July go into Zimmerman's drug store, where Tommy Gibson works, and there prepare a dose of poison and give it to him to be taken to the dental office of Dr. Dick, with the intention of having the same administered to me?

Court—You shall not ask the witness any more questions. . Doctor, leave the stand.

A snake-eyed fraud and recent arrival from Oregon, who wanted an opportunity to sycophant the favor of the mighty conspiracy, now took the stand to elucidate what he knew about the crazy actions of the defendant and he testified: That on the 14th of last July he met the defendant, who said: he had just been poisoned, and got it out of the dipper, as his pipe and the dipper were the only things that had touched his mouth. The defendant looked pale and excited and said, that after he had taken the poison, sparks flew out of his eyes like the rays from an electric light and that he commenced to burn and have pains in his breast and stomach. That defendant could not have taken poison or he would have gone into convulsions, and were it not for these delusions, or others equally as strong, he would not say the defendant was insane; but as it was there as no doubt of his being crazy.

The little doctor had now retailed his coaching, and full stock of medical learning, and the Court as usual ordered him from the stand. But the defendant insisted so persistently on his right to cross examine his accuser, that the judge under force of a few by-standers who had recently come into court and were listening to the farce, gave way and allowed the defendant to proceed.

Defendant—Doctor, if I had really been poisoned as

I claimed, would I not have looked pale as you said I did?

Witness—Oh, yes; and more, you would have been in convulsions.

Defendant—But could not a person have been given such a small quantity of poison that convulsions would not be produced, and that the same appearance as I presented would be produced?

Witness—Well,—its possible that might be.

Defendant—You are sure I was crazy?

Witness—Yes; sure.

Defendant—And you are sure I am crazy now?

Witness—How could a man have imagined he had been poisoned and be sane?

Defendant—Well, then, if I imagined something, that was true, which you say was false, I would be crazy forever, unless I gave up my belief and said my imaginations were untrue?

Witness—Well, I guess you are crazy sure enough.

Defendant—Well, if I am, how is it that while in that crazy condition, I was elected to the most critical position in the State Legislature, and no person there ever even thought of my being crazy, and no other person ever thought of such a thing except those who desired to destroy me to save themselves?

Court—Doctor, don't answer, but at once leave the stand.

There were two or three other witnesses sworn, but their evidence was of less importance either way than any given. So the court declared the case closed, and would not allow the defendant to introduce any evidence in his behalf. But of course the victim did not care for that because it made no difference, his doom was

sealed regardless of evidence, right or wrong, so far as this proceeding was concerned.

This doctor, A. J. Clark, one of the lunacy commissioners, was a graduate disgracing Harvard College. He was about the size of a half grown ape, with a tea-cup sized head shaped like a gourd. About all that need be said of the other tool is he was a friend of Dr. Strong, and a Missouri bull-whacker. They without the least consultation commenced to fill out the printed blank prepared for such purpose, and which under the law and their oaths should contain a detailed statement of the facts and conclusions supported by the evidence given on the examination. So as the evidence is substantially all given here, we will give the principal conclusions of the commissioners in narrative form, so there may be seen how much evidence there was, or rather was not, to support their conclusions.

"The defendant has delirous imaginings that persons are plotting to kill him, and has had an indefinite, homocidal intent ever since July 14, 1886. He has no rational intervals and carries a pistol with intent to use it. He is of intemperate habits and is dangerously insane and has been ever since July 14, 1886." Perhaps the reader will pardon us for stating there was not a particle of evidence upon which any of the findings of the commissioners could be based, so we will have to conclude they were based upon their own baseness.

While the doctors were filling out this certificate, the victim went to the judge and asked him when he would render his decision upon the examination. This was done as a kind of precautionary measure in this way: he was not entitled to a jury trial until the judge confirmed the findings of the commissioners and had been declared insane. And while he was satisfied that the

judge did not know anything about this provision of law, yet he was afraid the judge might make out a commitment, and he would be hustled away to the asylum without getting an opportunity to have a jury trial demanded for him. So he wanted to find out when the judge would decide the matter, and was informed by him, he would take it under advisement and when he had decided, he would let him know, as he saw him every day at the court house.

So two days after this time the judge not having said anything about his decision, the victim asked him what he had done with the matter; "Why," said the Judge, "I gave the sheriff your commitment right away after the doctors made out their certificate that you were insane, and the sheriff ought to have taken you to the asylum yesterday morning." "Yes," said the victim, "but you agreed to let me know when you determined the matter." "Well," said the judge, "I do not propose to tell an insane man what I am going to do."

The victim said, "See here, Judge Garroute, you'll be sorry for this before you die. You will find out yet that you, and they, are the crazy persons instead of myself. I will yet make you the sickest dog that ever ate a blade of grass when he wanted a vomit."

The victim was now entitled to a jury trial, but in order to obtain it, some friend must make a formal motion in open court demanding the same. So the next morning he saw ex-Judge Bush and called his attention to the provisions of law that gave him the right to a jury trial, and asked the ex-judge to apply to the court for it. The judge kindly consented to do so, and when the court convened that next morning he made the proper motion, and called the attention of the Court to the law that allowed the same.

The Court and a few sympathizers, who were present, were figuratively paralyzed; they began to realize the plot of ruin was not yet worked out, and so the Court recovering itself stated, it would take the matter under advisement and at the expiration of two days its decision granting a jury trial was announced, but the trial was set for November 11th, nearly a month in the future.

It was now supposed that the victim would not be troubled anymore by the combine until his jury trial, but not so. The conspiracy were determined by some hook or crook to get him incarcerated so that they might be able to say, if he exposed them, that he was crazy and they had sent him to an asylum; but that he had gotten better and in some way was released. So to carry out their desire, they had Judge Garoutte to further debauch himself by ordering the sheriff to take the victim to the asylum, and there have him confined until his jury trial came off. But the judge was too cowardly to put such an illegal order in writing and only gave it verbally to the sheriff, who was only too glad to act on it and told the victim to get ready to go to the asylum the next morning.

At this point Attorney John W. Goin came into the sheriff's office, and the matter was submitted to him for an opinion. He at once declared that the order granting a jury trial stayed and superseded all previous proceedings in the matter, and the victim could now only be confined in an asylum upon the verdict of the jury. That he could not be legally placed there, even temporarily, while waiting trial. As Mr. Goin was one of Harlan's attorneys and a good lawyer, his opinion staggered the sheriff in his rampant anxiety and he said, "Well, I'll see the judge again."

Now for the purpose of fortifying himself against a

probable attack of the enemy from this last threatened position, the victim procured from the Clerk's office a certified copy of the order granting him a jury trial and the necessary blanks to be used in a Habeas Corpus case. And then went over to Judge Bush's office and informed him of the conspiracy's new plan of operation.

Judge Bush said, "Let them take you, and I will go down with you and get out a Writ of Habeas Corpus before Judge Wallace, and we will come back on the same train with them; but I do not think they will be fools enough to do this, however I will go and see the sheriff and I believe he will listen to me. So Judge Bush saw the sheriff, and after sufficient time had elapsed for him to have an interview with the combine, the victim was informed the matter of taking him to an asylum had been indefinitely postponed.

"The gods help those who help themselves," was now his guiding star to a great extent, and he set to work telling the people whom he got a chance to talk to, the real inside facts of his insanity persecution, and of course the more persons who heard these facts the more good would be done himself when the exposure and reaction came on the combine. And working on this same general line he conceived the idea that possibly he could use the millefluous Bird's paper, the "Woodland Mail," published every morning. So there was a young man, Wood DeLong, who was night editor of this paper, and he being entirely innocent of all guilty knowledge, the victim invited him over to the sheriffs' office one evening, and there it was a very easy matter to get him to print in this paper that night the following article which the victim had already prepared:

"Editor of the "Mail,"—Allow me to say, That I am perfectly, happy and have no more fear of going to an

asylum, as an inmate, than I would if I were the most sane and intelligent man in Yolo County, or the wealthiest. My persecutors have got just what they don't want; to wit: they have forced me into court and to defend myself, and by doing so, have made the State a party against me, which gives me the right of trial by jury, and the process of the court to procure my witnesses, which are legion. And by my witnesses, I shall prove, not only my sanity, but one of the deepest laid plots to secretly take a human being's life ever planned in a civilized community; and that the same was frustrated by me alone. That now I have no fears for the reason so many persons know of the attempted murder; besides I have given evidence to so many showing this insanity dodge attempted to be played against me, was in order to shut my mouth against the plots to murder and ruin me.

Dated October 20, 1886.

P. M. SULLIVAN."

The above statement appearing in the "Woodland Mail" next morning was a bitter dose for the combine, for it would be read by the people of Woodland and Yolo County generally; and of course would cause them to talk and investigate the cause of all this insanity noise, and that was just what the criminals did not want, secrecy was their plan of operation. So now as it was becoming public what could they do? They dare not answer back in print, for the more it was stirred the worse it would make it for them. So they had to take their medicine in silence the same as the victim had been doing for the last five months. And by reason of this article the people had a very good and clear idea of the true inwardness of this whole matter before his jury trial came off.

It was now October 28, 1886, and the time for his trial was fast approaching and he must be ready with

his witnesses, so to that end he prepared the necessary papers for an order for his witnesses that resided in another County, and presented the same to the judge who read it over and inquired what he wanted to prove by the witnesses named in the papers.

He told the judge he wanted to prove and could prove these conspirators had tried to murder him, and that would show why they were now trying to send him to an asylum.

The judge said, "You shall not prove any such thing, and I shall not make any order for witnesses nor let you have any in this case."

The victim replied, the State was a party against him and he had a legal right to witnesses and to such order, and then went away to the sheriff's office.

The judge followed him in there and verbally ordered the sheriff to either lock him up or take him to the asylum. The victim replied, that neither one should be done. Whereupon, the judge said, "God damn you, if you were not insane, I would smash you."

The victim was now being internally consumed with anger, and in the presence of the two deputies said: "See here, Mr. Judge, we will play that I am not insane for a little while, we'll bar that, and I will grind your corrupt carcass finer than powder. You vile wretch and infamous tool. I am a better man and a better lawyer than you are or ever will be." The judge was not quite ready for this truth, or for battle and so he slunk away.

The boldness of the victim in asking the judge for an order to subpoena witnesses to prove his criminal attempts to murder, along with the rest of the conspirators, is what made the judge so very angry. He saw that they had a harder game to play than was

anticipated, and so he tried to bluff the victim off, and got called, that's about the size of that deal.

From this time until the day before his trial, there was nothing discovered from his limited facilities that was worthy of note, but on the afternoon before the trial many of the jurymen from the country came into and were around the court house. The victim noticed the agents of the conspiracy around among them, engaged in apparent confidential conversation, and he was fearful that they were trying to pack the jury against him.

Along toward night Ball came over to the court house and was closeted with the judge for along time. So upon all in all the victim concluded not to ask many questions on the trial about attempted murder, and thus make it so serious a matter for the combine, for perhaps if it got too hot for them, they might have some friend on the jury that would protect them; or they might buy some of the jurymen and it might be all the worse for the victim; that is, they might not all agree on his sanity under such circumstances.

And so he concluded to show up only the woman motive for the insanity persecution, and the general and specific reputations of the combine being so well known to be bad in this regard, all he would have to do would be to mention a few names and it would be all over with them, while if he charged them with attempted murder it might result as above intimated.

It was now November 18, 1886, 10 a. m., and the matter of the victim's alleged insanity was called before the Superior Court of Yolo County, California, Judge Garoutte presiding. Frank Sprague, district attorney, appeared for people, and the accused appeared in person also by E. R. Bush, attorney. Twelve men were called and took their places in the jury box to be examined

touching their qualifications to act as jurors. Judge Bush then proceeded and examined four of them.

The victim then proceeded to examine the fifth proposed juryman; and upon the first question being asked by him of the juror, the judge interposed and said, "Mr. Sullivan, the court does not want to hear you ask these jurors any questions. I have told you that you must appear by attorney."

The victim replied, "Yes; but that was off the bench and unofficial and of course cannot be taken as the law of the case as yet. And as the whole issue for the jury to decide is whether I am sane or insane, it seems to me that the very best and most direct and conclusive evidence that could be furnished them, would be for them to see and hear me conduct my own defense."

Here Judge Bush interposed and said: "There could be no doubt of the right of the accused to appear in his own behalf; the right of self-defense is a conceded right both in and out of court, and to adopt a contrary rule would be in effect saying, that if a man was so poor or so friendless that he could not get counsel to defend him, when involuntarily appearing in court, he must sit mute and go undefended; that such rule would be in plain contravention of the rules of law and practice in all the courts of the State, and contrary to the history of all jurisprudence from the days of Justinian down to the present time.

And ——". The court interrupted by saying, "You are here able and willing to defend the accused and there is no necessity for two attorneys in this small matter, and I see no reason to change my mind in this regard."

Judge Bush continued and said, by analogy the provisions of the State constitution were applicable here,

and he invoked the same in behalf of the defendant. The constitution gives the most sneaking thief or unmitigated murderer the right to defend himself in person, by attorney, or by both. That a ruling that would place a man, who was not even accused of committing any crime, on a footing in court below an alleged thief or murderer, was palpably wrong in justice, natural right, legal and constitutional right. And to find a verdict here without giving the defendant the right to defend himself in person, would in effect be taking his liberty without due process of law both under the constitution of the State and of the United States. And he could not understand why the right of the defendant to act for himself should be denied him, especially when he knew all the facts and circumstances of his defense and the whole matter, and his attorney did not.

The defendant saw an opening and stated: The statute of the State presumed him to be of sound mind until the verdict of the jury about to be empanelled found to the contrary. And up to such time he had as much right to practice in this court as the most famed attorney. And to illustrate, suppose one of the most noted lawyers in the country was coming to the court house to defend some important case, and on his way here should be arrested upon a complaint made, by young Gibson, the drug clerk, would this court hold in such a case that the lawyer's right to practice was taken from him by the false complaint of Gibson, until his sanity was established by a jury of twelve men? Could such a trick deprive a man of the legal, natural and divine right to self-defense in court?"

Court—There is no use in arguing this proposition to the court; no insane nor alleged insane man can defend himself in my court Mr. Bush, if you are going to

appear for the defendant proceed and empanel the jury.

The victim from the beginning knew that the judge would not let him defend himself, because he knew too much about the criminal combine, and would ask too many incriminating and ugly questions before the jury; and Ball anticipating such a contingency had fixed that the night before with the judge, so the defendant should not defend himself. But he had Judge Bush to make his legal argument and supplemented it by his own remarks, so as to make the court appear as ridiculous and infamous as possible to the jury that they might the more easily see the inwardness of the outrage; also so that he would have as full a record against them for future use as possible.

At this point Judge Bush made a formal motion for the accused to be allowed to defend himself in person as well as by attorney, and after the same was overruled, excepted to, and placed on record, the jury was speedily empanelled and the farce proceeded. The evidence of the former perversion of justice on October 9th was all rehashed, and from study and preparation it was made to present a much more respectable appearance than it did on its debut. Each actor showed hard study and close application to the several parts they were to play, so that they got along without being laughed at except, the cur whose lies were so palpably false that the jury laughed at him from the jury box.

The only additional witnesses the conspiracy had in court were Dr. Clark, Dr. McFarlane, and the district attorney. Dr. Clark testified that he acted as commissioner on October 9, and his opinion was then and was now that the defendant was insane, and his opinion was based on the evidence then given and his observation, nothing else. Dr. McFarlane also acted as com-

missioner and considered that the defendant was then and now afflicted with acute mania.

The district attorney had sworn to a complaint on the 6th day of July, 1886, at the request of Ball and Craige, charging the defendant with insanity. He did not have the defendant arrested then, because Ball and Craige did not want him to do so then. The defendant had told him about the conspiracy trying to murder him last summer. And here the evidence on the part of the conspiracy (or people) closed.

There not being a particle of evidence from which the jury could find a verdict of insanity, Judge Bush wanted to submit the same without offering any proof or making any argument to the jury. But inasmuch as some of them had come sixteen miles to see the presentation of this elaborate farce, the defendant thought it would not be fair to drop the curtain in the middle of the play. Besides he desired to go upon the stand as a witness and give some of the secret reasons for his wanton persecution, and this mockery of justice. The sheriff unlawfully refused to subpoena the witnesses for the defendant, who lived at Woodland, so he got whomever he could around the court house at the time of the trial and the substance of their testimony is given as follows:

Reese Clark was an attorney, who had business relations as an attorney with the accused which were not friendly, and if the victim was crazy there was more method in his madness than any insane man he ever heard or read about, and he did not think he was crazy, but very much the reverse.

Senator John Lambert was an attorney; he knew the accused claimed he was poisoned last July from a dipper, but it must have been a very small dose or he

would have been as stiff as a Cardiff Giant. The accused was certainly a competent lawyer, and if he was crazy then he would say all the Woodland lawyers were likewise.

George P. Hurst was an attorney; he knew the accused well, and there was nothing to lead him to even suspect he was not sound and well balanced. He was always gentlemanly and courteous to those who treated him that way, and zealous in his duty to his clients.

Hon. H. M. LaRue was a resident of Sacramento City; he was speaker of the Assembly of California in 1883-84; and he knew the accused for several years, and believed him to be the happy possessor of a sound mind and good judgment, and that was more than he could say of several who were trying to ruin him. And thus, the evidence ran for several more witnesses that he picked up at the court house at the time.

After these witnesses were sworn, the victim, at the instance of the jury, took the witness stand, and before he was through with his two hours' testimony, the conspiring gang had nearly all left the court room, having seen the last ray of hope of sending him to an asylum blasted, by his withering exposure of their sins and his persecution.

He said very little about the many attempts to murder him, because he was fearful, as stated, that if he made it too plain, that so many great men were in a conspiracy to murder him, notwithstanding the jury knew he was all right, yet some one or more of them might think it would be better to send him to an asylum, than that so many persons should suffer under the accusation of such great crimes; and there must be a unanimous verdict of the jury one way or the other.

And so it was, Ball & Craige's names being the synonyms of infamy and licentiousness, the die was soon cast in the minds of the jury. There was no formal argument made to the jury; the district attorney having slunk out of the court room and abandoned the case, the jury as soon as they could write their verdict found, "The accused to be of sound mind and excellent judgment." And Jezebel soon skipped the country and has not been seen nor heard from since by the victim.

Stephens' Bank of Woodland together with all of its satelites and murder auxiliaries had now been outgeneralled and whipped in its own balwick and perjured court. And while the people knew this, and the general cause for this whipping, yet they dare not take sides with the victim for fear that this great money power would ruin them in their business affairs, but he made the effect on these criminals as damaging as possible by now, coming out boldly and telling everybody he talked with about the many plans and schemes they had practiced to murder him.

During the time the victim was incarcerated as an insane man, he became acquainted with two young men, Stork, and Fahnley, whom this combine had falsely imprisoned on a charge of grand larceny. So he promised these young men that as soon as he gained his civil rights by a jury trial, he would see they had their freedom in a short time.

And in a few days he got their case on trial before a jury and soon snapped the perjured band that held them fast and set the persecuted free by the verdict of this jury. Aside from a generous feeling he had for these young men, and a desire to save them from State's Prison, he desired to get another good chance to

thrash the perjured judge and district attorney in their own court. And again show the people what frauds they were by trying to send a man to the asylum, who could and did beat them every time in their own court before a jury. We would have you see the combine didn't have money enough to bribe every jury, besides they were too selfish to use it if they did have it.

From first to last there were known by the victim to be one hundred and twenty of both sex in this conspiracy and twenty-two of them were lawyers and the victim knew of evidence sufficient to disbar eleven of them for gross immorality and felony. So he made a verified petition, presented and filed the same with the Supreme Court of the State, asking that the petition be heard and the licenses of these lawyers therein named be cancelled and revoked.

The names of some of them were: Judge C. H. Garoutte, now judge of the Supreme Court of California, Frank Sprague, district attorney of Yolo County, John W. Armstrong, Judge of the Superior Court of Sacramento County, ex-Attorney General A. L. Hart of Sacramento County, F. E. Baker, Joe Craige, and J. C. Ball of Woodland, Yolo County. Of course the court ignored and suppressed this petition and the operation of the law in this disbarment matter; and it is only fair to assume it did so to keep secret as much as possible the crimes of this great conspiracy, because it, and its friends were rich, and might be useful to some of these judges of this court in the future; as one good turn deserves another of like character. Judge Garoutte being now a member of this court, we wonder if he hadn't better take up this petition and disbar himself?

The victim knowing the governor of the State, was provided with and then had a fund to use, as he chose,

in ferreting out and punishing criminals made a verified statement showing some of the principal crimes of this conspiracy, giving details and names of persons, and presented the same to the governor and asked his help and co-operation in punishing these criminals. But nay Governor Waterman would do nothing toward causing the punishment of these felons. It is evident the governors, judges and other officers of the law in California, will not punish the rich criminals for their crimes against the poor and against the law, as shown in this special case which is a fair sample to judge from.

Soon after the last tragedical days at Woodland, the victim located at San Francisco and worked in the law office of James H. Smith in the Phelan Building. And from the papers we notice this same James H. Smith was a brigadier general in the Phillipine war. The victim there soon obtained money enough to return to his native state, and on May 24, 1888, he visited Washington and obtained an audience with Don M. Dickinson, the postmaster-general of the United States, who graciously received him as a late arrival from the Golden State of California.

The victim proceeded to business at once and presented him with the direct verbal, written and documentary evidence showing the depredations of the United States mail, during these tragedical days of 1886. The General seemed disappointed in not receiving some good political news instead of this troublesome matter. So when the murder facts were being pointed out, showing the millionaire conspiracy of John D. Stephens and others, the General without word or ceremony quickly arose from his mahogany chair and retired into a next room and in about five minutes he returned and

said. that Chief West would hear and dispose of the matter.

Chief West proposed the victim should surrender the documentary evidence he had showing the guilt of the Woodland postmaster in deprecating the mails and that the same should be sent to Inspector Kirkwood at San Francisco for his report upon the same.

The victim had presented the evidence to Mr. Kirkwood at San Francisco, who had refused to act, he standing in with that political faction, and the victim well knowing that this proposal of Chief West only meant a practical evasion of efficient action, and indirect killing and burying of these crimes against the United States law, declined to accede to such proposal, but insisted on a hearing there at Washington where the highest officials and the documentary evidence which would prove these mail depredations were.

But it was all to no use; the chief wanted the evidence to send back to the Pacific Coast three thousand miles away from whence it would never return, and so the victim left these high officials, with disgust at their mockery of duty and justice; and was almost convinced there is nothing in politics but corruption from constable to president, both inclusive.

While marshalling and concluding upon the facts, it should be considered that the highest functions of our government are to protect the life, liberty, and property of the citizens; which functions are operated through its chosen officers. And that in this case, such officers of county, state, and United States, instead of protecting human life and liberty tried in every way devisable to, both imprison and murder such citizen, even to the extent of depredating the mails in carrying out their plots.

It is to be greatly regretted that so many high crimes have been proven against so many executive, legislative, and judicial officers in the great state of California, and in our greatest and best of all nations. Yet it must not be concluded that the mechanics, miners, fruit growers, and tradesmen, who constitute a majority of Califronia's population, are to be included in the general round up of criminals, for you will see these crooks are found among the lawyers, judges, bankers, and millionaires, and most of all, among the politicians.

Now after all these sins and crimes have been committed and quite generally known in California, there was not a man or a newspaper in the State that dare raise his voice or print a word in denouncing the same or vindicating the law. The disease and greed for money being so thoroughly rooted, they would shut their eyes and doors of reason against all such acts for fear of being boycotted or otherwise injured by this motley conspiracy.

The world's criminal jurisprudence nor the history of the world will not show a case parallel to this, where so many powerful men conspired to murder a poor, obscure person to hide their own sins, and chased him like a mad dog or wild beast all over the State. Prostituting men, women, and the laws of the state, and nation in their hunt to kill him. The bloodiest robber for money that ever lived was a gentleman when alive and a saint when dead as compared to the individuals of this combine.

This conspiracy had the brain power of scores of experienced criminals, many of them the leading criminal lawyers of the State. Besides they stood near the top round of the social and political ladder, with millions of dollars to give them stability and standing,

and if possible to lift them to higher prominence and great pre-eminence. Thus situated they were the warp and woof of the social and political society, the makers of the rules and laws thereof. They were under every private and public consideration to support and vindicate the law and not to barbarously debauch every moral principle and rule of law as here shown.

Compare the brain power in the conspiracy of the Chicago Anarchists; the thugs there who murdered Dr. Cronin in secret; the deluded workmen of the Molly McGuire's, or the erratic actor Booth, who was the brain power of that conspiracy and then it can be truly said, the criminal brain power of the conspirator, J. C. Ball of Woodland, was greater and of more worth as a criminal than all just mentioned put together. And no criminal combine can be now thought of that would equal these Californians except the Tweed Ring, which was only a combine for money and not to take human life.

It is possible for one who only reads these facts, to comprehend the torture of mind and personal danger the victim was in on July 18, 1886, when surrounded by these six bloody assassins seeking his life like so many hungry tigers in a jungle, or to understand his mingled feelings of horror, hope and despair on the morning of July 20th as he rode on the express wagon and looking back at the window saw the siren deceitfully smiling in triumph as he passed down the street into the midst of an army of hired assassins lying in wait to kill him. And he so perfectly boycotted that he could not obtain a pistol for his protection, and with an affidavit and order with the conspiring sheriff to arrest him on the first signs he made toward exposing the murderers.

We say, is it possible for the people to imagine themselves in his stead during these agonizing and tragical days. If the people could see and understand the true situation, these criminals would find themselves engulfed in such a whirlpool of retribution that they would cry out for the rocks and mountains to fall upon them and hide them from an outraged humanity.

The conspiracy that assassinated the late William Goebel of Kentucky was composed of politicians the same as the California combine. But there the unfortunate deceased had money, friends and half the political power of the State to back him, while here the victim's friends had all become secret assassins and boycotted him until he was without a friend, a dollar, a gun, or any means to protect his life; and handicapped with insanity papers in the hands of a conspiring sheriff to arrest him if he made any attempt to expose the attempts to murder him. Won't the exposure of these villains serve as a deterrent to like political highbinders.

The foregoing statement of facts and argument will now be closed, trusting the reader will distinguish between the facts and arguments, yet considering the same as a whole. And hoping some good may come from the much evil here exposed, and that the vicious persons who read these pages may take warning from the exposure of these great and life long criminals.

EPITOME

IN the beautiful City of Woodland in the far-famed golden state,
A siren conspired with a murderous clan another to extirpate;
Strong and mighty were her band a hundred and more,
The very greatest in the land with millions by the score.

Their money gave them prominenee within the public mind,
And rendered any crime they'd do more difficult to find;
Besides they owned the officers and controlled behind the scenes;
Having previously elected them for carrying out foul schemes.

Self-conscious of their might and the power they could use,
There was nothing here below they did not dare abuse;
They had no care for honesty nor the power that made the earth,
And all foul crime that ere was done was naught to them but mirth.

So at midnight's dark and woeful hours they conspired his life away,
Conceived their plots and laid their plans in secret him to slay;
And to do such crime in safety and beyond suspicion's eye,
They must hire bloody assassins, then plead an alibi.

Such alibi would be a defense and silence forever more
All accusations of their guilt presented at their door;
And the papers all would sycophant and prove them far away
From the atmosphere of such foul crime upon that fateful day.

They were a selfish, lustful lot, the worst in all the land.
They raised their murder money from one outside the band;
And this they did by written lies both so shameless and so bold,
That one, already a murderer, gave them Ten Thousand dollars in gold.

Just previous to the assassin's attempts this dauntless siren
appears,
And places poison for him to drink then sheds her crocodile
tears;
There she awaits to see him go and drink the fatal cup,
To see him writhe beneath its power at last to give life up.

But no not so for God was there and stayed such awful crime,
He snatched the victim from their clutch and saves him to this
time;
And from these astounding circumstances this wicked band
should know,
That he who notes the sparrow's fall notes all foul crime below.

The spirit that ruled their hardened hearts now ruled to ruin
sure,
To spill the blood of one they'd wronged and made so very
poor;
So they now brought forth an assassin fierce hired with stolen
pelf,
Who sought to murder the victim asleep, then say he'd killed
himself.

The siren placed this assassin fierce into an adjoining room,
Who, when the victim was asleep should come and seal his
doom;
She in the meantime going out some laces for to buy,
Would soon return and find him dead then prove her alibi.

But sleep from his weary soul had fled, he could only lay and
rest,
And think of the moral traitors he'd found in the far-famed
golden West;
Now after a while, he heard a noise and quickly went to the
door,
And saw this assassin passing away enraged for want of gore.

The next day on Woodland's streets, the assassins were on the
alert,
Some were white and some were black, but all were pro-
nounced expert;

Then they had him surrounded and the attack was deftly made,
But the power that broke their poison plot saved him from
the assassin's blade.

Thus far their plots were fruitless, they could not take his life,
They could not gain their bloody prize in such unholy strife;
Yet demon possessed and undismayed they were still deter-
mined to kill,
The object of their wicked wrath his blood to surely spill.

Our victim was then Enrolling Clerk of the senate of the state,
He must go and perform its duties and let other matters wait;
So again they plotted to kill him while going on his way,
Upon the cars at Davisville, and on that woeful day.

The train was leaving the depot, the assassins were at their
posts,
Money bags with cash to pay them was looking like a ghost;
The team was ready to run them off as soon as the blow was
struck,
But watchfully he evaded their plots, which they foolishly
called his luck.

The train now soon arrived at the capitol of the state,
There being so many assassins, he was yet not sure of his fate;
And in the anguish of such suspense, he lived for many long
days,
While thirty assassins attempted his life in scores of secret
ways.

With poison, knife and bullet, at all hours of both night and
day,
They watched for a chance to kill him in some sure, but secret
way;
His food was poisoned, his rooms were tried, he was hunted
like a hare,
With all conceivable criminal plots they tried him to ensnare.

They conspired and bribed the senators, who tried to help
them kill,

Their own elected Enrolling Clerk who such office then did fill;
But all their murder plans with sure defeat was fraught,
And will now serve to expose them as in good morals they ought.

By death they could not destroy him so they tried the insanity plan,
And brought forth their Court and doctors, who declared him a crazy man;
But the bulwark of our freedom, a jury of twelve honest men,
Reversed their Court and doctors and showed forth their perjured sin.

The details of these awful facts are now put forth by press
With pictures of persons and places set out in proper dress;
And after their publication, the world will truly know,
The wickedest men on earth are at California, County Yolo.

And they will learn as time rolls by there is a power that rules;
That their might did not make right, but made them mortal fools;
But God is good and will forgive, all sins so ever great,
If they but come and seek his grace, before it is too late.

NEW YORK EPISODES.

BY reason of a series of evoluting circumstances the victim now found himself a practicing lawyer at Prattsburgh, N. Y., in 1889. And according to his usual luck in a short space of time he ran foul of a vile mouthed human caliope, and during the melee he accused the caliope of being guilty and causing the death of little Kippie.

Kippie was a colored youth who had recently been found dead in the hotel barn, under circumstances that the people thought pointed to foul play. His body being bruised, and he having been in the hotel late at night a short time before in company with the caliope. This accusation was taken up as a declaration of war between all the drunken habitues of the hotel and the victim.

So it was but a short time until a little two for five attorney, through the instance of the caliope's conspiracy of drunkards, caused the arrest of the victim upon the fictitious charge, that he commenced law suits without good grounds.

While the fact was the little attorney had not been able to win a law suit against the victim up to that time. Of course the accused was taken before one of their own kind, a drunken justice of the peace, and there he gave Wilbur Dearlove as bondsman to answer any indictment that might be found against him.

At the next session of the Grand Jury, the loafers from the hotel all went to court, loaded to the muzzle to swear away the liberty of the victim. But the Grand Jury soon saw through the outrage and ignored the bill, with a reprimand against the drunkards for producing such a groundless charge.

And thus ended this little episode, which is only worth mentioning to show, the general good luck of the victim in attracting the persecution of the criminal and debauched classes wherever he resides.

It also shows some of the under currents in the sea of life, that are ever wont to shipwreck the mariner without attracting the special notice of those who sail on without a breaker to contend with. If it should be asked, why the individual names of some of these conspirators are not given the same as in the California combine, the answer is, their general and individual inferiority would not justify the expenditure.

IN the spring of 1893 our victim located at North Tonawanda, N. Y., and has practiced law there ever since. And his worldly affairs went on in a commonplace manner until the winter of 1897, at which time a charter incorporating the municipality into a city government was compiled by him, assisted by four other attorneys and a recent acquisition to the Republican party by the name of McCoy. This was a year when the political plum trees was full of promise and augered a prolific crop, for these incorporators.

The German American Bank, through a siege of Cleveland's inoccuous dessitude, was about to yield its solvent existence and fall into the arms of one of these incorporators as receiver. This to be receiver, was recently from Nebraska and once sat there in a State Senator's chair; but was now suffering from a depletion of pap caused by the unwarranted ravages of the political grasshopper. Two others of the incorporators were to receive, from the great tree of political promise, the attorneyship for the new made city. The new acquisition was to be postmaster, and the victim its city judge.

But, alas, for these great plans of these great men. The great tree was shaken by the adverse winds of high hope and great planning. And the rich succulent fruit fell not as planned, but into the laps and baskets of those, who toiled not neither did they spin.

The Solon from Nebraska was now bereft of the rich emoluments of a bank receivership and his grief was truly sorrowful to behold. But yet undaunted and

undismayed he girded himself, and chaperoned by Assemblyman Warner, heels overhead he dove into the political fruit basket, in quest of this city attorneyship which he and his partner had so solemnly vouchsafed to others. And so in mete and proper time he emerged therefrom, like the prodigal, lone and empty handed. The political plum chance was now fast growing painfully less and financially excruciating. Something must be quickly and effectively done or all hope for gathering fruit from this season's crop would be lost and perhaps forever gone.

And as the judgship of the new city was the only fruit left, on which they could hope to satisfy their gnawings, they attempted to land the same in their basket. It seemed an easy matter, for Assemblyman Warner, one of these attorneys, and incorporators, had the charter in charge before the Legislature and he could easily change the same by taking the power for appointing the judge away from the governor, and giving it to the mayor of the new city; who would appoint his law partner, the Nebraska Solon, instead of the victim.

The change was accordingly and quietly made, but was soon found out by the victim, who at once commenced to inform different members of their party of the base treachery this twain were practicing. And so it was when the mayor offered the judgship to the Solon, it was so politically hot that he dare not even touch it for fear it would burn up all his future hopes and political aspirations. Besides the treachery of this twain, to the incorporators who had been promised a city attorneyship, was still rife and adding fire to these political flames. And one who neither toiled nor spun received the fruit.

And so it was that the treachery of this twain of

lawyers, Henry E. Warner and James P. Lindsay, served as the inocculating virus that blasted their own political future, and finally grew and so ripened that it caused the criminal persecution and attempt to murder the victim at North Tonawanda, N. Y., though these two lawyers named had no criminal connection with such attempted murder.

It was during the month of June, 1898, our victim drew and filed with the city clerk of the new city a chattel mortgage securing the payment of fifty dollars. He did so at the special request of both the mortgagor and mortgagee. By mistake he wrote "one cart" in the mortgage when he should have written "two carts," both being worth not to exceed $5.00.

A few days after this, he was making a copy of the mortgage and corrected his error by making it read "two carts" instead of "one cart." The innocent and legitimate change made in this mortgage so as to make it conform to the wishes of both parties, was attempted to be twisted and tortured into an unlawful mutilation of records, which if true would have sent the victim to State's Prison and disbarred him. So upon this point he took issue with the political cormorants seeking to devour him, and the battle thus precipitated by a horde of hungry politicians was fought to a successful judicial determination in the victim's favor, as you shall see.

The twain of little lawyers were now in great glee, the wonderful discovery had been made, by the ever-sober and watchful city clerk, that would surely result in finally and forever destroying the power and influence of the one who had blocked their game of treachery and prevented one of them being city judge.

Now was their time to make a ten strike for keeps. The end of his tether was in sight and his final ruin was

only a matter of time. Jack Ryan, the officious Chief of Police, was now consulted and of course he advised the immediate arrest of the victim, and rendered quite useful service to his enemies; and it seemed as though there was a rivalry between him and Postmaster McCoy as to which could in a half secret way, do the victim's reputation the most injury, and thus sycophant the favor of his persecutors.

The city clerk with bated breath and feverish brow was aching to be directed by the twain to swear out the necessary warrant, and thus get even for a fancied defeat in not receiving the appointment for first assistant postmaster at North Tonawanda. The fastidious Can Can dancer, the mayor, together with a few others were panting for a chance to take part in the destruction of a single individual.

But here was a broken and insolvent mortgagor; he must be seen and kept in line, for if he should swear to the truth and say, that he wanted the change made it would be all off and the wanted sacrifice could not be made. Besides, maybe, he had already talked too much and told someone, that he desired to have the instrument read as it had been made to read. And the fact and proof was, he had told his old time friend, James Skens, (whom the victim had sued) that he had instructed the victim to make the change in the mortgage. But they did not know this for if they had the mortgagor could not have gotten the money, which he so much wanted and obtained from them.

The assemblyman and clerk were now buzzarding around the poor insolvent and according to evidence he was offered a large sum of money if he would swear so as to send the victim to State's Prison. This he promised to do according to the evidence of his old

friend Skene, and did so swear to the best of his ability, but failed as we shall see later on. In the meantime the Solon who was now acting as city attorney was learnedly and laboriously engaged in preparing the necessary papers that was to result in the final destruction of the victim.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY HOPKINS.

So in due course of fixing matters up the victim was arrested and charged with the aforesaid fictitious crime and brought before the ignorant Cadi for examination; but rather than submit to such a farce he gave the necessary bonds to the Grand Jury.

District Attorney Hopkins was now a candidate for re-election, and the victim's enemies were in the political saddle at the new city, and of course the District Attorney wanted their votes and assistance in securing

his re-election. It was now getting near the time for the September term of the Grand Jury, and the victim had obtained an affidavit showing the insolvent mortgagor had told his old friend James Skene, that Henry E. Warner and crowd had offered him a good sum of money to swear so as to send the victim to State's Prison.

The district attorney was presented with such affidavit by some of the ablest men in the county. And, in substance, advised to drop the farce and not try to disgrace the accused for there was nothing in the charge but spite and revenge from beginning to end; and that it would end in a fizzle and the persecutors would get hurt worse than the persecuted. But he was obdurate and would not yield to such proper advice, and presented the case to the Grand Jury, who ignored the bill and refused to find an indictment.

Now the District Attorney on finding out the Grand Jury had ignored the bill and voted not to indict the victim, went in before them and there contrary to his duty, and contrary to the proper requirements and functions of his office, and as is here contended contrary to the law; worked, worried and labored against the victim, and finally succeeded in coaxing and inducing the Grand Jury to re-consider its vote of ignoring the accusation against the victim, and vote in favor of indicting him which they did by the bare requisite number of twelve men.

Now the district attorney did this, knowing from this affidavit that the principal witness was to receive a big sum of money to so swear so as to send the victim to prison, and without calling the maker of this affidavit before the Grand Jury so that they might hear his testimony. And when the case came on for trial at the

following October term of court, the district attorney tried various tricks and wiles to prevent a trial at such term, and thus keep the indictment hanging over the victim, but he was forced to a trial of the indictment, he had thus succeeded in getting, and the jury very soon acquitted the persecuted victim.

It came out in the evidence on the trial of this indictment that the insolvent mortgagor had been offered a good sum of money from Mayor J. V. Smeaton, City Clerk George Cramer, City Attorney James P. Lindsay, and his law partner, Assemblyman Henry E. Warner, to swear so as to shove the victim up to send him to prison. And this insolvent mortgagor swore directly on such incriminating center line, but was contradicted by three witnesses.

Now as a matter of fact at the time the insolvent mortgagor was wanted to be used as aforesaid, Mayor Smeaton and Clerk Cramer made their promissory note for ninety dollars ($90.00) due October 16, 1898, and raised the money on it at the State Bank of North Tonawanda, N. Y., and it was given to Henry E. Warner, and he and the insolvent mortgagor both went to Buffalo with it where it was paid to Ira H. Meyer, the mortgagee, for the mortgagor's use and benefit, less $15.00 which Mr. Warner kept.

So we have the evidence that shows the insolvent mortgagor was to get a good sum of money from Mayor Smeaton, City Attorney Lindsay, Clerk Cramer, and Henry E. Warner to swear to a lie so as to shove the victim up and to send him to prison; and also the evidence that the mortgagor swore to such lies according to the contradiction of three witnesses.

And here are also the facts showing that such mortgagor got a good sum of money from them as he said he

would, except it is not shown that Mr. Lindsay had any direct connection in raising or paying this money.

It is a fact that when the district attorney obtained this indictment he was an aspirant for re-election; that when he tried the indictment he was a candidate for re-election; that these enemies persecuting the victim were practically in control of the city government at North Tonawanda, and of the machinery of the Republican party there; that they had many votes and could control many more on this election, and the district attorney wanted these votes for his election, and that they wanted the district attorney to indict and persecute the victim: Now, do not all these facts taken together show, why this district attorney prosecuted this innocent victim as he did?

And do not such facts show the District Attorney prosecuted this innocent man to please these politicians at North Tonawanda, so as to get their votes and influence to re-elect him District Attorney?

What must the people think of the District Attorney who would get an indictment against an innocent man as here shown? What must the people think of their district attorney who prosecuted an innocent man on bribed testimony as here shown? Is any innocent man safe if such a man is district attorney? How would it do for him and District Attorney Sprague of California to go into partnership? Don't the acts here stated, and the proper inference therefrom. show them to be well mated? Isn't the exposure of these fellows for the public good and in the interest of good morals and of good government? We think so and hence it is done.

The mayor and his sattelites now had control of the political machinery of North Tonawanda and he secured his renomination while Mr. Lindsay secured the nomi-

nation for city judge in 1899 just following this persecution of the victim. The victim then published these criminal facts against them openly charging this crime of bribery and had a printed copy of such charge placed in every house in the city, and of course the result of the election was they were all defeated, and the gallant, valiant mayor soon migrated to Spider Lake, Wisconsin.

But before he went and smarting under the detection and exposure here stated, this mayor and the city clerk came to the Davenport Flats where the victim resided in June, 1899, about ten o'clock at night, loaded with liquor on the inside and guns on the outside to kill and destroy him. They sent a messenger to the flat for to have the victim come down.

He hesitated some little time before he concluded to go because he was satisfied their intention was to do him mortal injury, and he did not desire any trouble or bloodshed; but he finally made up his mind they would never let him alone until something was done, and he might as well close the chapter with them then and there in some way as at any other time. So without replacing his hat or coat he went to where they were with both hands in his pants' pocket.

They opened the seance by attempting to get him into a wrangle of words, but he remained and acted quietly on the defense.

The Clerk foamed around and made some threats and demonstrations against him and ran his hand into the back pocket of his pants and pulled up a revolver in sight a couple of times, but did not take the same entirely out of his pocket. The victim was very thankful the clerk did not get his gun out, for if he had, perhaps this story would not have been written at the pre-

sent time, but if it had it would be with different results, from that night's seance, than at present.

It should be added that only the opportune presence of Janitor Todman, at the time the clerk assayed to pull his gun, who grabbed and slammed him against the side of the building saved all hands future trouble. For the clerk was just drunk enough to imagine that he was a brave man, and to run a bluff which could not have been successfully done at that time and place. For the victim had stood about all the persecution that he could be expected to stand especially when such drunken loafers came after him at such time of night at his own house.

As it was, these maudlins slunk away and no blood was shed. Neither did the victim make any public talk or demonstration about this little attempt to kill him, for he realized there would be no use in so doing or hoping for any successful criminal prosecution of these fellows on account of the relation and attitude of the district attorney with them and they with him.

THE last and most contemptible vicissitude in this kaleidiscope of persecution is briefly narrated as follows: In January, 1899, a young woman name Julia Johnson about seventeen years of age and accompanied by her physician came to the victim's law office at North Tonawanda, N. Y., and there told him a most pitiful and sympathetic story, detailing how she had been raped on Christmas night, 1898, by each of three young men on Grand Island, opposite the City of Buffalo, N. Y. She was without means to prosecute these fellows and so her case was taken on the usual terms of one-half the recovery after the costs and expenses of prosecution were paid.

On the examination of these cases before the magistrate and before the referee the undisputed evidence showed: She had previously settled her cases for $45.00; also that she had a private disease, and had told one of her alleged ravishers so on that Christmas night; also that she had been drinking liquor and riding back and forth on the Grand Island ferry boat that day with one of them, who was a deck hand on the boat, and who took her riding that evening at her solicitation and returned with her at 10 o'clock.

The evidence of these three young men whom she accused flatly contradicted her, two of them had never seen her before. And the fathers of these young men each swore their boys were at their respective homes all that Christmas night, except one of them who had her out driving until about 10 o'clock; and there was

not a particle of legal, corroborating evidence to sustain her. So these young men were discharged by the magistrate.

In the meantime the victim had sued these young men on these charges of rape for civil damages, and after they were discharged by the magistrate it was almost plain that the civil actions could not be successfully prosecuted; so a compromise was effected for $250.00 in each case. And while the money yet lay on the victim's desk where it was paid to him by the opposing attorney, and while stipulations of discontinuance of these actions were being signed, this young woman came in the victim's law office and sat down by the desk; and without waiting to finish signing these papers, the victim gladly and impulsively then and there in the presence of this adverse attorney counted out of this same money $350.00 and handed it to Miss Johnson, who received the same and said she was satisfied.

She then left the victim's office and told the magistrate she had settled her civil cases and showed him the money, or some of it, she had just received from the victim; and she subsequently told her physician in the hearing of another gentleman that she had received $350.00 from Mr. Sullivan and $45.00 from the Grand Islanders out of her cases; and she never returned to the victim's office after this time, but took up her abode at Buffalo, N. Y., where she got in with a young lawyer who became so much interested in her, that he had her alleged rape cases presented to the Grand Jury, which refused to indict these young men. This made their fathers considerable trouble and caused them to reflect, that they were foolish to pay this money, in the first

instance, because there was not sufficient evidence upon which to base an indictment.

Now Ossian Bedell is a friend and neighbor of these Grand Islanders; he is also one of the General Committeemen of the Republican organization of Erie County, N. Y. He and ex-Judge Lewis are acquaintances and friends for years, often standing in the relation of client and attorney. Now there is a young attorney at Buffalo who read law in the Judge's office, and presently this young attorney is imbued with an active idea that the victim should pay into court all of this $750.00 that he had received in these cases, which of course the victim refused to do for the reasons already stated. Whereupon and through the forms of law this young attorney had the victim to appear on a motion before the recently appointed Judge Kruse, for the ostensible purpose of having a Referee appointed to take proof and report why he should not be compelled to pay all of this $750.00 in court for the use of Miss Johnson, she now claiming she never had received any of this money.

On the hearing of this motion the victim presented the affidavit of four persons which showed Miss Johnson had received all the money she was entitled to as stated, while her sole affidavit directly contradicted this contention. These conflicting affidavits raised an issue of fact between an attorney and his client and entitled the attorney to a jury trial.

The fact of a person being an attorney does not deprive him of the right to have a question of fact, of this kind, tried by a jury.

The law and practice in the courts of the country and the decisions of the Supreme Court and the Court of Appeals of this State establish the law to be that when

a substantial issue of fact is raised on a motion of this kind between an attorney and his client, it ought and must be tried by a jury, and not in a summary manner by the court. And the court on hearing such a motion should deny the same leaving the applicant to begin a regular action in a court of law if they so desire.

Notwithstanding these facts and law, Judge Kruse granted an order of reference to Henry H. Seymour to take proof about this matter and report to the court. He also refused to require the plaintiff to give bonds for cost. But another Judge of the Supreme Court subsequently granted an order requiring the plaintiff to give bonds for costs in the sum of $250.00. And this is the same judge the Republican organization of Erie County tried to politically throw overboard last year. Why Judge Kruse made this order of reference contrary to the practice and law we do not say, but leave the reader to judge the same after the facts and circumstances are stated.

If an order of reference had not been made and the parties had been required to begin an action at law, then under the law, the victim could not have been arrested herein as he subsequently was. Judge Kruse is presumed to know this law; and at the time he granted this order of reference, and is yet aspiring for the Republican nomination for Justice of the Supreme Court at the coming election this fall.

And at the time such order of reference was made, this same, powerful, Republican, General Committeeman, Ossian Bedell, was in court with his aforesaid attorney, ex-Judge Lewis and neither of them had any open, public business there with the court; though the ex-judge was up at the Bench whispering or rather talking in a low tone to Judge Kruse, and then back again

seated by the side of Mr. Bedell and whispering to him and each of them occasionally looking at the victim, before this order of reference was granted; and they remained in court until the referee was appointed, which was a long time after the opening of court that morning and the last business done by the court that morning, as shown by the record kept by the Special Deputy Clerk of Court. All of these facts and circumstances were ominous to the victim, and viewing them from his standpoint of experience and persecution, as here partially related, meant much to him; though they might not mean very much to one whose past life had been one of ease and little experience. There can be no reasonable doubt of the proper conclusion to be inferred from these facts. And we leave the reader to make it.

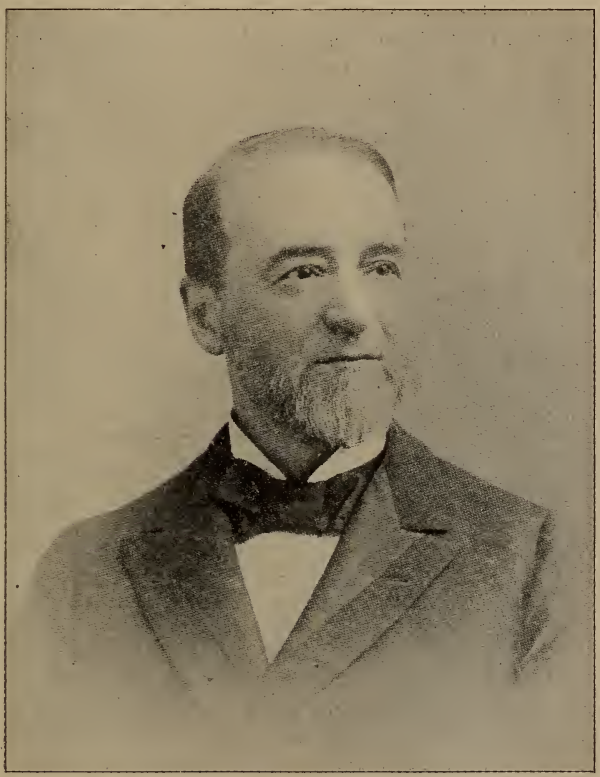
The Referee made two separate reports to the Court, containing several statements of facts supposed and required to be based on the evidence taken before him. These statements were nearly all against the victim and his interest; and among them were five statements which were not based upon the evidence, some of them having no evidence whatever to sustain them, the others being contrary to the evidence.

At the time the Referee made his reports to the Court, he also presented his findings of fact supposed and required to be based on the evidence taken by him. There were nine separately numbered paragraphs of these facts, nearly all of which were against and prejudicial to the interest of the victim. And among the facts found by the referee in these paragraphs were four facts found against the victim's interest, and some of these had no evidence whatever to sustain them, and the others were directly contrary to the evidence.

So here were nine statements of facts made by the

referee, none of which were sustained in any manner by the evidence, and were therefore false.

These reports were made and presented in such an unfair and garbled a manner that they made the victim



JUDGE CHILDS.

and his side of the proceeding appear in a much more unfavorable manner than the evidence warranted. Besides the reports were interlarded with great chunks

of self laudation and misstatements of the law, which if all taken with the findings at their full face expression would unjustly injure the victim.

When these reports and these findings came before Judge Childs for confirmation, the victim was proceeding as best he could to show they should not be confirmed, because so many of them were false, and he so characterized them. Whereupon the Court interrupted him and in substance said: "The Referee is an officer of the court and his findings must not be called false, but that the victim might say, they were not properly sustained by the evidence; and that his course in thus attacking the referee would cause the court to sustain him if it possibly could. The victim in substance replied: That he could not presume the Court would sustain any one unless they were right. And after that, the discussion of these findings soon closed and the court took the papers and said he would read all the evidence.

Of course Judge Childs confirmed these reports and these findings of the referee and by order made them the findings of the court, thus pronouncing them all veritable facts and solid truth. And granted an order that the victim should pay into Court more money than he received from these actions.

And the Judge wrote an opinion on confirming these reports and findings in which he said, he had carefully read the testimony, and then says: "From such testimony, it appears that Sullivan commenced three several actions in behalf of Julia Johnson, by her guardian ad litem as above entitled, for the purpose of recovering in each of said actions the damages sustained by said Johnson by reason of an assault and battery alleged to

have been committed upon her by the defendants in said action.''

The actions described in the above quotation from Judge Child's opinion were never commenced; but other actions as already stated had been commenced. The testimony does not show that actions for ''assault and battery'' had been commenced as stated in such opinion. The words ''assault and battery'' were not used in the evidence nor in any of the proceedings herein, until Judge Childs used them himself. Hence it is an evident fact, that the statement in relation to these actions for ''assault and battery'' is false, and Judge Childs knew the same before he wrote his opinion.

This might be considered a small matter to say so much about, if it were not written by a judge of the Supreme Court, acting in his official capacity, and put in his opinion, where he undertakes to impeach the honor and take away the property of the individual, whose every interest he is bound to lawfully protect in his capacity as judge. But under these conditions such falsehoods become of the greatest importance and affects not only the victim, but the people of the whole State.

In this same opinion, Judge Childs inserted the following false statement concerning the victim: ''It was insisted by Sullivan upon the argument, that the claim of the plaintiff Johnson against the defendants in these actions was *fraudulent and unfounded*, which fact was known to him at the time he received the moneys with which he is sought to be charged on these motions, and that the defendant in these actions were guiltless of any assault upon said plaintiff, although willing to pay the sum received by him for the purpose of preventing

any public charge of the nature embraced in said actions."

And then the judge proceeds to argue from this false statement and says: "Just how this would relieve Sullivan is not apparent; but it is quite likely that such claim on his part did not tend, as it ought not, to enhance the value of his testimony in the opinion of the referee." The victim says: Neither is it apparent to him how the referee could be affected in relation to the value of his testimony, by reason of this false statement of the judge, which was not made until after the referee's report was made. How could such a physical impossibility exist as the Judge's opinion here implies.

The words in the foregoing quotation, which are the most vicious and around which all others circle and seem to take root and grow, are the words, "fraudulent and unfounded." And these words the opposing attorney, Mr. Ladd, says the victim did not use. Mr. Ladd has made such statement several times to the victim and in the presence and hearing of other persons So we think here is sufficient evidence to prove the victim did not use these words. And if he did not use them, he could not have used the others in the quotation; because they are so dovetailed with the others that to take them out, the others could not be used as stated in the opinion. Besides the victim says he did not use the language attributed to him or anything like it.

If the victim had insisted on the argument as the judge says in this quotation from his opinion, then the victim must be a fool or crazy to have thus plead his own infamy. And as he is not charged with being a fool and has proved the crazy charge to be false by the best of authority, by the safeguard to the people's lives, liberty, and property; namely, a jury of twelve men;

we think it is fair, just and true to conclude he never used the language attributed to him.

But he did say in substance on this argument, that after the discharge of the accused persons he was satisfied from the evidence taken on their criminal examination, that these civil actions could never be successfully prosecuted. And he here says, that is the reason why he discontinued them.

This order made by Judge Childs, confirming the referee's report and ordering the victim to pay into court more money than he received, has been appealed to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, where there are five judges who sit in review. This opinion of Judge Childs must be printed with the other papers on appeal and there it will be read by these judges, who will see from this quoted paragraph that Sullivan is a self-confessed scoundrel, and the Appellate Court would then necessarily affirm Judge Child's order. Read this quotation again and you will see that it is much more vicious than we here say it is. To be falsely accused by a judge on the bench of having confessed and plead his own infamy, the way this paragraph puts it, is too much for the victim to stand. He will not stand it; he will strike back in self defense if he perish by the blow.

Is it not a God given principle sanctified by the blood of our Revolutionary ancestors that all men are created equal. On such principle is not the victim's honor as sacred to him as that of Judge Childs is to him. Then what right had Judge Childs, or how can he be justified or excused for inserting an untrue statement in his judicial opinion, that may forever destroy the victim's honor as well as take away his property?

If it were true, that Sullivan insisted on the argument

of this report, that the claims upon which he obtained the money were fraudulent and unfounded, why did not Judge Childs make an order that this money should be paid back to the persons from whom it was obtained?

Instead of ordering it paid into court, where the plaintiff, her attorney, and referee might eventually get it? This was a summary proceeding and he acting as a court with equitable powers therein had unquestioned authority to make any order the justice of the case required; and why did he not make such an order? The referee in this proceeding is already well-cared for, being Deputy Commissioner of Jurors appointed by the judges and provided with a good, fat salary.

A brief summary might be made here as follows: The Republican nomination for Supreme Judge in this district at Buffalo is equivalent to an election. Here is Judge Kruse, an aspirant for such Republican nomination, making an order of reference contrary to the law and practice in such cases, with this powerful Republican General Committeeman of Erie County present, namely, Ossian Bedell, also his old time Republican friend, ex-Judge Lewis, neither of them having any court business there as shown by the record. Yet they remain in court a long time and until this order is made, with the ex-judge going up to the bench and there talking to Judge Kruse in a low tone and then returning sitting by, and whispering to Mr. Bedell.

Henry H. Seymour, who is an appointee of the several judges as Deputy Commissioner of Jurors, now just happens to be sitting in court, and Judge Kruse appoints him Referee; and he makes these nine false statements and findings of facts as aforesaid with a garbled report, and that his fees are about $100.00 to be paid by the victim, all of which are confirmed by the

order of Judge Childs as veritable facts and truths, at the same time ordering the victim to pay into court more money than he received in the matter, where the plaintiff, her attorney, and this referee might eventually get it.

Judge Childs makes a written opinion on this confirmation, and in such opinion he uses six lines of type written matter in making a statement of fact which he says appears from the evidence, while the truth is, what the Judge says appears from the evidence does not appear from the evidence or in the evidence. Hence such statement in his deliberate written opinion is untrue, is false.

And a little further on in this opinion the Judge uses nine lines in making a false statement concerning the victim of the most damaging and dishonorable character and there says the victim made it about himself on the argument; the inevitable effect of which would be to defeat the victim on appeal from his confirmation order, if such statement could not be contradicted in some way. Fine fixing up for a judge, isn't it?

The acts of these judges and referee practically say: the victim must surrender his honor and property contrary to the law and practice of the Court, and upon a statement of several facts nine of which are false; and that the victim, his adverse attorney, the justice of the peace, the girl's own physician, and another gentleman all swore false in trying to cheat her out of her share of this money. And then Judge Childs rivets this, at both ends, here and at the appellate division, by the last quoted false statement from his opinion wherein he states, the victim insisted on a state of facts, which would show him to be a scoundrel.

A public office is a public trust and he who betrays the same should be called to account before the public. And the one who calls such officer to account renders the public a good service, whether the same is done in self defense, for the public good, or for both such reasons.

ANOTHER little episode, in which the public have an interest, we think ought to be stated here. In September, 1899, one Edward Plunkett, had been indicted at Lockport, N. Y., for murder and was brought before the court for arraignment, without counsel, Justice Childs presiding. Section 308 C. C. Pro. reads: "If the defendant appear for arraignment without counsel, he must be asked if he desire the aid of counsel, and if he does the court must assign counsel." The only question asked Mr. Plunkett on this arraignment was how he plead guilty or not guilty; and he was not asked if he desired the aid of counsel, and counsel was not assigned him at that time as required by the law just cited. Now the question is, why did Judge Childs ignore and violate this section of the law, and thus deprive an unfortunate man about to be tried for his life of his legal rights?

Perhaps the following facts may explain: P. F. King of Lockport, N. Y., is one of the ablest lawyers in the State. He is a Democrat and has been district attorney of Niagara County six years since this judge has been on the bench. All know the judge is a Republican. The prisoner was without means to employ an attorney, and the law has generously provided a $500 00 fee and disbursements for the attorney assigned to defend such a prisoner. It had been quite generally known for some time that Mr. King had been selected by the prisoner to defend him and expected the court to make such assign-

ment. Mr. King was in court at the time of this arraignment and expected the court would ask the prisoner the questions required by Section 308 cited; so the prisoner would have a chance to speak and make his desires known to the court; but the court adjourned and afterwards made an order assigning the previously mentioned James P. Lindsay to defend the prisoner. Mr. Lindsay had never tried a criminal case in a court of record in this State. But he was a Republican, mixing in politics. The Judge also assigned another Republican politician to the defense of this prisoner; but this attorney is an able, eloquent person, the peer of any man in the State. These two attorneys received this $500.00 fee and disbursements.

Within the past fourteen years, the victim has been falsely accused, falsely arrested, falsely imprisoned falsely prosecuted, feloniously poisoned, feloniously shot at and attempted to be murdered with knives, bullets and poison at times and places too numerous to mention; and now he is sought to be unlawfully dishonored and despoiled of his property in this proceeding in the way here pointed out: So is it not time for him to call a halt in this march of secret war, and publicly demand a disbandment of the army of persecutors and dismissal of its officers? Is he not as a matter of self preservation and self defense compelled to adopt such a course? And is it not in the interest of good morals and good government, to have the public thus informed with living examples of these secret evils; that will eventually destroy the vitals of the nation if they are not discovered and destroyed?

The duty and necessity of writing and publishing this little book of facts is forced upon the victim. If he does not do it, he will be secretly boycotted until the

means of making a living through his life long profession is wrested from him. He will be dishonored in his old age and despoiled of his little substance. Besides the people would be deprived of the facts here disclosed, which, he thinks, will produce inestimable good in purifying public officials, and deterring evil-disposed persons from further bad conduct.

To conclude, attention is called to the great number of persons involved in this general round up of ruin and attempted murder, to the individual types of human character therein, to the various wrongs and crimes they committed in digging the victim's grave, and how befittingly they now fill such grave themselves; and we then ask, if the eternal fitness of things is not apparent from these facts?

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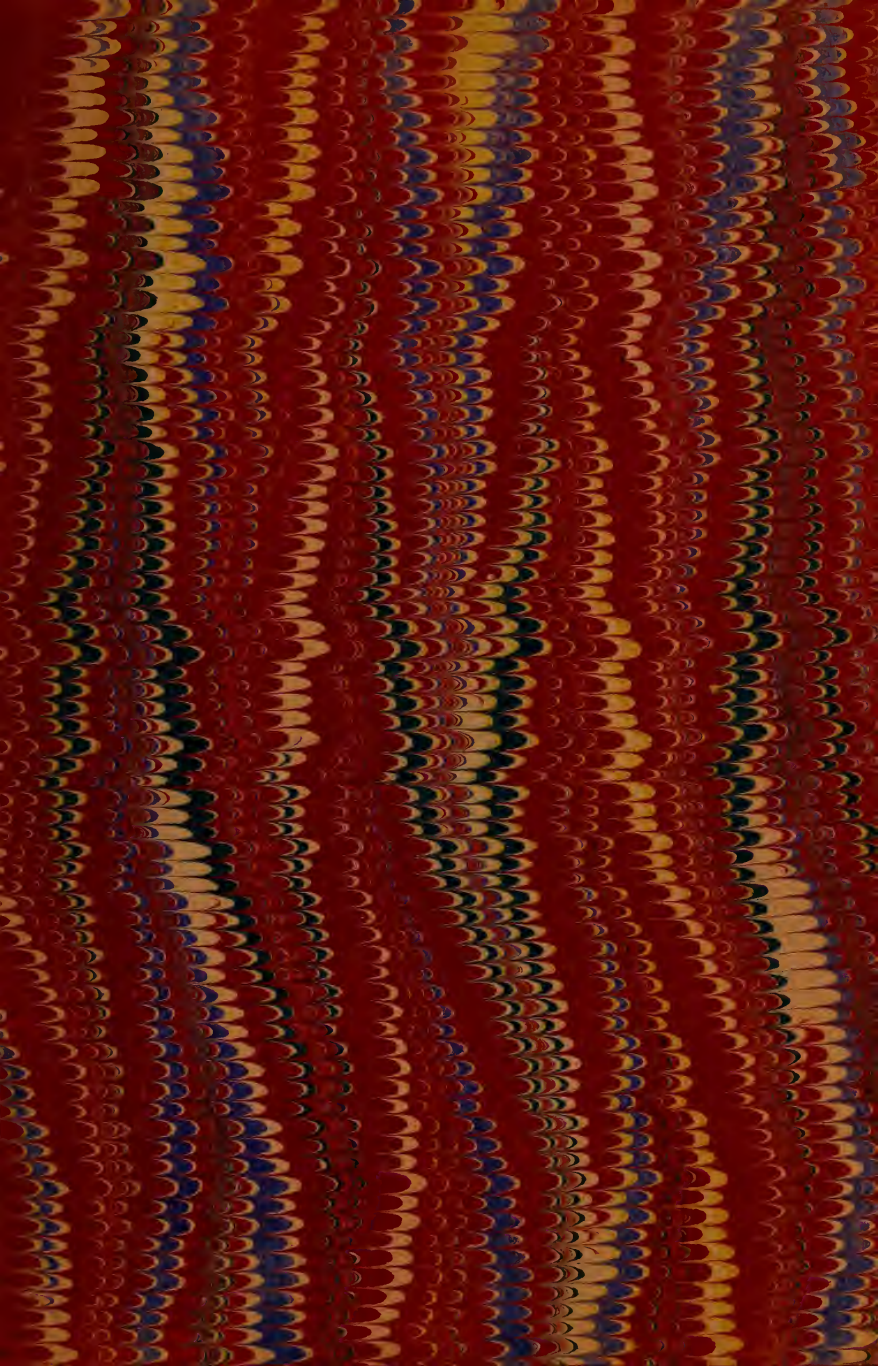

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